

Copyright © Louis Rowe 2013

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law



Gravity Grey:

I Got Lost on The Way Here.

~~“Everyone’s after me...”~~

First Battle: Chapter One:

In those small months I had a terrible fear of flying. Keep away from light. Avoid sleep until you are sure it's safe.

The windows are where it searches for me. It's fighting me everywhere! Why, I have to hide. If I don't get out of this I won't live. It's a constant fight.

A strange battle that I can't win.

Imagine; I was trying to destroy a whole army, at once.

I can't go near the windows because there's a demon outside. I moved my mattress up against a corner away from the window.

I think I might fall through a portal underneath me in the floor.

A dangerous place. Always the thought of being dragged under, or dragged out and thrown into the sky. Here in my flat, with nothing.

I had been in bed for a large amount of time.

I've fallen on the ground in the hallway. I'm having hideous visions. I'm very alone.

I don't know why these thoughts are here, I'm hysterical I can't speak any kind of language, I jump up and down and shriek like a monkey. I try to communicate with the radio; I switch it on and off, spin the dial from static to station, to static.

Also, I go out, you will want to follow, but in five minutes he will have completely disappeared.

Just one day, I thought about things, and this is what has happened.

This giant, bald-headed boring such evil, Roman, just stood there, inside a room I borrowed, sunk into the south wall.

==

I'm terrified of bed, only because bed has become an event.

==

I got lost in the city, for the 11.00pm bus, arriving. When I got on the bus, I huddled against a post on the edge of my seat, I started to move back and forth, gold lights appeared, I looked round giggling, there was a man opposite reading, also giggling, he was dark and I checked his eyes. Because they flashed; they flashed neon green, then as I turned my head, the light went out, and his eyes rolled up and looked like dirty pearls.

I stared under my hat. Then there was a woman some seats away, staring; she was about thirty, dark hair, thin bones, and big eyes. She laughed.

I punched a man. He was hurting a woman. I saw him try to touch me; I punched him through the chest and ripped out his heart. Then I announced it. And that made the ride home terror, because boys started to do the same, I freaked, I stopped them, kept them down, because I knew they would hurt someone innocent.

I failed, the punch went through her, the thin bone woman, I sat there at the front of the bus, checking checking checking she was still alive.

=====

As the punch moves, so does the conversation of me round the bus. The 8mm escape option. I've been out on a night of my own thinking, and all on the back of a nearly there bird, we almost all cried, and told the chanting house, the again me.

Feather bird, he has ways of asking pillows to stop so that he can sleep. Why to take the bed, I kill the bed.

Lay him there, the men left there, and who is one, a brazen woman full of arms was asked to have him stump and crossed, and he constipated himself up and abused her, fall out from the air after that holding of the arms, the grabbing heart, she flung it with a cigarette, and onto her, I knew they would sword.

I want to fight, completely, everything for the fight.
I want to be alone, and be my own fight. I will win. I am.

Bashing between customers of the bus, and I am angry, I leave her on her seat, and step off, off into the nowhere land. The late evening, some lights, some metal shutters and angry men, and a late night café.

Bleak dribbling rain, no, rain rather like one that stops and starts. The chinese girl is nice. She works in the takeaway opposite the café I drink in; she has a glass figure, and western hair, thick and rough. Something cuts at me, as I jabber, I had A jabber on the bus, I was lunging my shoulders back and forth, at once feeling sick in the stomach, and mad on the thought that I was in love, but had no one to love. Love

everyone. I carried the coffee mug, to a chair in the dark, and the cold bite of the night.

My stomach was sick.

I just had to take off, and get a train, the swing train; I stood waiting, with a dog, against the dirty newsstand. Go through one barrier behind him, the dog, walking backwards. At close view, I am an assassin, I danced in makeup, I span in and stalked her round a drooling pet, walked across her and over a circle, and whisper over to her, the kitchen girl, called her proud in that Hell, trying to be kind and bend my knees above her boots, hero of my call, my pants rolled lower, and to the man sitting beside her. We throw heads, take over the TV, as the TV is over, spin round her a vow. No, the hands, the way his two handsome dogs, walk the aisle stroking peoples legs... My face coloured, because of the strangers at each station. I stared again, the dogs were dribbling. We were squashed commuters, between the dogs that were singing. Got hours away. Sing; don't go home, the war room, the last punch. The dog pees kindly on my boots. Then, I punched the woman with dark hair.

Everyone is still sleeping, and I'm screaming;

It spoke again, in the wall to my left. It always lived in the walls. It was just a voice. But a dangerous voice. A voice of hate, and fell, and traps.

A man, the Roman Emperor, an evil man, a controller of fate.

I didn't know why he wanted to pick on me. He was a dull type of hate, his thoughts couldn't have been anything that made sense, but it was as sure as me, that the presence was an evil presence. Why? I said; why just stick here and hang about in my room? I'm not busy. I'm not working, I'm waiting. And I'm in the house.

I got a headache. I sang out loud, because I played them on record. The headache was a red light in my mind and I could hear explosions, I think that was the death of the goats. I vomited over the bed in the night; I brought up vomit, twice in a few days.

I slid down the stairs:

The uncounted nights. One day began with a giant claw, shaking my skull, as I walked in the bathroom to look into the mirror, I saw a huge, scaly red, black and yellow hand, it shook me like my brains would shatter, I felt a cut, suddenly a hole looked cut out of my wrist, and the blood started leaving, when I blessed a bowl of water, the water could be holy because I am just a person that likes holy. I sank my arm into the water, but as it went, a rash grew on the skin, red scars on my wrist.

I faced it like it was nothing, I laughed, then I slept, I said:

"Look at all this...]"

Impossibly I didn't understand this sort of thing; it doesn't happen...

That's a stop. A blank.

=

Sometimes, the worse scare dissipates, and I can get along with living. But, I'm just biking down the shop for milk whilst skirting round balls of fire shooting into the pavements and the tarmac, is a joke, but, there, there is such a relief, from knowing soon that Him, that moment when you know, He is going to speak again. Out of the fire itself!

I bike to the shops, once a day, and nowhere else; now, the bike rides are given a mission that I don't want.

There was always the problem, that I would be dragged into their world. A problem I wasn't so much frightened about, but reminded myself, it might happen, I reminded myself so rarely, so loosely, and so quietly, that I didn't scare myself. But I still knew, to move the mattress away from any entry they would pick, and there were the invisible entrances, such as the floor beneath me, which could open up into a portal, or the toilet or the plughole in the bath. I could disappear at any time.

The worst being, this one man that just decided He would appear.

More than in the house, with all the hell and other things flying round the room, plates riding sorcery, now they've left me in the house. But, I'm somewhere over worry, I don't get those things telling me someone has killed the gas connection to the fire, but I'm too frightened to wake anyone up and tell them, so the gas is seeping through, we are dying.

I was sure that the worse place to be was in front of the big bedroom window, hiding in a corner on the mattress, bowls of cornflakes, and egg boxes full of dog-ends, the relentless fear of this monster Woman, and the Man, how he controlled it, to do his bidding, while he waited, all the strange things it threw at me, beating me down, trying to break me.

===

They were all sure. And so I went to the cafe in the evening, and bought a plate of chips, a big plate, I ate fast, and I crashed:

It was a blank, then a quick drop, focused over my cup of tea. It was sudden blank pain, it flowed through my eyes, and I stared over and around the centre point of death.

"What has happened?? Everything has just died, I can't cope, how will I get out??"

I went outside, the table was silver, I put mug on table. When the mug hit the table, it made a soft noise, but the feeling of the cup was a grating flesh-searing soft tap, I rubbed my finger under the cup round the little dent, it didn't feel soft, I tapped the

mug a few times on the table and the feeling was...still soft, it felt like smelling the colour creamy sick white, a putty smell you can't wash off the skin.

=====

The Monster; it has a woman's shriek...It had a woman's head, with thick long black hair, a woman's head of a creamy sickly white, its body was an obese mass of light brown faeces, it had no legs they must have been stuck underneath the huge rolls of fat, its skin was faeces, it had tentacles, yellow and black, long thin hands on each one, with long sharp talons in black...

I heard it hiss and slither its tentacles out. I've become shadow.

I see the last part, the part of me that's taken. That shadow of me that flits across the walls, as I pass up the stairs, thin, black shadows of me, I look like a strange type of animal, a thin tail with a spike.

Someone who knows otherwise knows I would die from what I see. But, they don't do anything else. Why is that?

We get like silent death. It will choke, you choke.

FOOD MAN.

Plates full of pasty meat all over the floor. Smashed plates walking to the hole in the ground where the socks roam, out into the part that goes to the bottom of the last land in the street, the basement.

Shared by us all.... we exchange trash and
contain the world, fixed in a line by cement..
Black peas, hardened and stale.

Lemon cakes, or spilt cans of cider and lemonade rush through the room.

I have picked up all the clothes, buried in glass and mud.

The socks are all mine, they are odd too.

The animals ran from the stink of the room. I sleep between stacks of papers, and develop just a minute of mild sorts of vaccines against the noise, and the smell.

Buried in tin metal and black mud. I have broken teeth and keep too much of the same time, and never give my person time, so that the teeth fall out, and rotting clothes, stinging sweat and/or liquid filling the air with my own unique, part 21.3 disease, personal germs make lakes of air where I walk, and cling to other bodies that have passed by.

Lit up. Click.

Gas squirts into a tiny hole, and smashes shapely into my face, so that I might become flammable.

Kick a shoe like a football along the hallway. The twin got lost, the other walked away.

I click the link locking the room, and close up the door for the night.

Sometimes I'm alone, that gives me a moment to eat, only using up all the milk, cornflakes, egg boxes for ashtrays, they asked me why I did that.

I was lying now, on the mattress on the floor, in the middle of the room, I left sticky bowls of cornflakes everywhere, which were used as ashtrays, I started burning holes in the mattress.

I was in terrifying, but the Devil Itself had been painted like a cartoon, even the sight of things, they all looked cartoonish, in waves of dead colour the yellows; the dead red, the scaly grey black, the whore monster.

I was weak, I was wilting before Him, I was eating little bits of my cornflakes, soggy and rotten.

It said:

"Never touch Drink. Never Eat."

I said: "I obey."

Because it was there for me, kept company with me.

Drink.

I drink so quietly, so that He won't know that I am.
I sleep on the mattress, to make Him bored.
I sleep a lot, I quietly take food.

One day, as I yawned waking, stretched my arms, I heard a long whiny scream, suddenly a monster jumped on my body and it sucked me up, a flash of a neon blue light, shone inside it, and when it got this, it then flew away. It had taken light in me, I sang, but somehow that's okay, I don't have much fear.

I do.

I have so much fear, I hear an army of inhuman hate evolving in foolish men, standing before their Emperor, hollering as one, for the baddest things.

What ever is in this room must be cleared away, for extra safety.

I picked up the wood-links on the bunk bed, and moved them until the bunk above was in a mess, there was a bible, on the slats on the lower bunk. Trouble I in the book that speaks of evil. All thought had to be emptied, anything with even a passing description, or any bad word, a curse, or foolish, has to be swept away. I blamed the bible.

Books are scary in this house, I looked round the garden, into the back door, slithered in and made, coffee.... "I'm dreaming, I† have all this Hope..." "It's this house, there's no room for the spirit."

I tried calling outwards for help.

If they could only sigh, when the Monster jumped me, I went out to fight alone, and stood at the bus stop.

I step in pretend plastic bits of, make a new place. Yesterday, again and again.

More, I had felt sleep and heard it, and went down to that and to this because it is best.

I live under a table, so hard, there's a divided pattern cutting up the ways of living life. I stay awake, with morning underneath my feet. I don't know the recollection of it. Before I sleep and stretch out into a dream, I wander over and over. It is hard to breathe. Hold myself when I am crying like I do, now. Dream of others crying. The gate is shut at ten, out in an industrial park, and I have no I.D. I haul myself over the shortest fence. I clasp my streets together in the darkness, past houses, supermarket rain in my eye... In the middle of a car-park, a have a man, with the dark man inviting him, and all of them.

I get to my base, just at singer's road, and sit beside the television of the Mog Monster's exorcist, I tell him It stops, my arms fully wide.

No guns, I feel new that night. My last brother, eating at my dreams.

Break out.

Everyone else lived a normal day. I would stay with the family for a while. I was holding mountains; I was lying under a mass of rock, holding it up with only my shoulders. I'll fight Hell. I have an ache in my face, and the clock is running. We look down, on dead men, both snapping ash from our cigarettes all over the dead, the dead should be falling down the stairs...c'etait un matin of black, parce-que, the, little cat...And so on...eschamta

==

It was good an old maid was sitting on his lap. I'm just dreaming in bed. I'm just sitting on the floor.

When I saw, a face turn up into a huge yellow cloud, and scream...I went to bed. I lay on the bed, with my black coat and it's wide collar, up to my eyes, and drum my fingers, silently praying the shock of reaching a Hell-mind, by sort of humming and

relaxing...drumming little quiet rhythms.
I had heard him say:

"It was already happening!!!!!!! How could we have missed this?"

""Well, you have your secret." I was serious, I was concentrating on the floor, staring at the dust...my face resting over the edge of a cushion, listening; because I can hear her, from down below.

The house was somewhere else.

Then, another. The Headmistress.

She/It sat in the walls of the kitchen. The damp was a nice companion; it was mixed like rotting apples left stuck in corners, with the tangy rotting honey of cigarette smoke. There was the company.

The Headmistress scolded me, that was her thing. A big giant ugly type of woman. It sort of had me caught at times, like it was a real human being. Worse fate. And I would listen, and when it was around, I got a slight relief, so I would stand at the oven, cooking omelettes from the last of the eggs. So many eggs, always take from the fridge, so, I forgot about all the tins in the cupboards. Also, it was often dangerous to cook, to use the gas, the flames on the hobs, the hissing burning frying pan. Any kind of onslaught to the mind, makes fixations on dangers to the body.

where Humans, can live.

The headmistress liked the kitchen the most. She had a companion, called her deputy. Some people would speak to her, as human to human being, but I knew how to avoid the scolding. But, I couldn't tame it. The deputy wasn't there much, maybe she was sick of it all too, often she just stood beside the mistress, nodding, staring, growling and turning a downward smile.

Anything I did was wrong, even when I knew it wasn't.

When it got angry, which it always told itself it wouldn't, because it was talking to itself most of the time, it would go for a way of really frightening me.
A pair of breasts, giant gristle flesh, pale grey, hung with round marks of bleeding wounds, pushed out of the wall.

It screamed, and a long jaw shot out, lined with huge, sharp teeth made of a shining deadly metal. Water began to cascade, down the wall of the kitchen. It came from the Headmistress's mouth. It spilled down into the cupboards, and the yellow liquid brought up a livid movement, a blob slowly catching at the linoleum, lifting it's head, moving like a snail, further and further towards me.

I ran into the bathroom locking two doors.

You can't live in my toilet, in my bathroom, I live in silver. The toilet is dark, the tiles, are kneeled on, there is a girl speaking in the walls, there in the toilet, the

cleanest place, white too, I am God. You can be human. You can't be near girls. No one

A few pints of milk, which, I could sustain myself on at the first moment of peace. It was a quick snack, that just seemed to be the safest choice for eating. I was alone. of course It's difficult to live under the unseen onslaughts that I met daily. I was mostly unaffected by the sights, except when I was sure things that I couldn't see either, were going to have a part of me killed, burned or taken to doom. That's when I wouldn't sleep.

There were things in the bathroom. I needed to wash in water, so I couldn't avoid the water. It was crazy, a woman would lie inside my bath, actually underneath it, stuck inside and blowing out smoke rings which were large and distinctly floating in the air. Then there was a man beside her, with pale sharp little teeth, so he would grin like murder trapped inside a bloodless smile, and he dressed in red and black, and he would lie inside the bath under the water, and rest mutely. They were bad people. Days or hours later, I heard the moan of a huge machine. It was nighttime. Buzzing loud groans. I went into the bathroom, it was at the back of the house, the bathroom was important for facing south, south is where they appear. Lights flashed in circles at the glazed window. A face like a troll appeared, gigantic winking orange eyes. It rose in the air. I turned towards the hallway, and ran past the staircase, as I dived into my mattress, it fired.

The bullets went through walls, but they hurt my body like little electric shocks. I touched my stinging chest, checking for wounds. There was nothing, but I could feel the little holes in me. It had shot me countless times with lasers, that hurt, very much...ha! Then in a scene, next, a guy gets electrocuted by an overhanging light. Well, wait. So I can keep electrocuting my feelings, until I'm confused and physically ill.

Distraught. Mistakes, all so much a mistake, I think to myself I can't find a way back into a sensible //sensitive pattern, like managing speech I don't hate that, but I bring it Hate, because Love is low, a low light, that's been very much used up. Even the ones Who knew, wouldn't have stopped it, they just sighed.

Amount of swear words increased highly. And I heard a noise from a ghost; it was a choking man, and suddenly a loud sound of flatulence.

"Wow!" I said; "I Kill Hell!"...Hilarious war, silly war...nothing can be shown, nothing explained.... delirious war, idiot war...while you roll the stone, I take her from place to place, and cut at you and cut away. And make you wait. And bite, then roll... and bits of lover, so move over and you can watch, watch. I have a fire in my belly. I wanted to keep the fire forever and ever...And not a dream, and not a dream, or a fear...All become One.

We are not real!! Really! I looked through...I was making tea in a kitchen, I looked around the room, there was nothing, not any walls, no furniture, even, no floor!!

I looked at myself, I was bright white skin, with stars around my hands...In the car I looked at trees, there were women there instead...I looked at the street of houses, the ground was there...black ashes...there were some small trees, instead of a house...I looked further...In my sight, everything was dark blue, in the corner of my eye...was a

large book...the book was also dark blue, with black lettering, I stayed in the unreal house, talking to the book...I don't want to listen...WHY! I don't want to listen...WHY?

Then I saw hands, move the book...then I saw myself, containing just a white ball of light, in my chest, and nothing else...no body, no hands...I step into the book lightly, and then I walk out...I don't want to listen ...

It's Alive! The Monster is alive!

So damn you...you're happy now...and you've been monstrous, and you have died. I got more and more fights. I had to make sure It didn't notice. I borrowed a bicycle.

There are gunners in my little houses, People, A People. How much square feet? How many people in a square? How little room for so many.

Fit the whole country in square feet. The People, or a person. Find someone who can cleverly, and quietly kill them, use a kitchen knife even, cut a little slit in the heart. I saw that, I saw damnation, and I saw my own light when I crossed the light. The heavy turning of the wheels, electrical, electrical, heavy method of pushing feet down, faster, faster, easy down the slopes, fly free, feet lifted and spread out sideways, summer breeze. Faster than speed. When I'm being driven down the motorway in a car, and I see the heaps of large metal cages in the industrial parks, piled on top of each other, I know it will catch me, It's going to fly me inside the steel container, and I'm going to be trapped in that prison, and I won't be discovered choking and dying in that place, because no-one will bother to check the cages. They will play dark metal. I will forget food.

When you're in a fix. Everyone seems to want you to stick, in that fix. They don't like bad luck. They despise emotion, because; it means talking to you, "and I can't fake, It's just that; I hate. "It's safer to hide something inside It was just that this Enigma has to be kept under raps, and I'm to stay in prison for life, trapped in the metal cages. I went far. I cycled through towns, with an evil, tiny spirit, speaking at once like a cat hovering somewhere around me, stuck to the bike.

The Cat was another abomination. It tried to tickle me, and it mocked me. I couldn't shove it off, not even when I hit speed, not even after ignoring it. Anyone go near and I'll burn, damiit...ducking from fireballs, the brain defies. No more brain. Sizzled...sizzled. If I reveal things she will never recover, so why can't somebody just make her think No?

I wasn't surprised but I was getting a little disgusted. Didn't anyone want to save me?

I kept clean, there were moments, when the voices and the haters, could get through to me...I was resting in bed, weeping on sofas, anything It could catch me with, scenes on televisions, people passing me in the streets...I never used to look up, I watch the pavements as I walked, they were seeing through my eyes.

I lay on the mattress. There were televisions. Some high above the door, some immediately next to my face, some in the floor, another in the wall. All away from the window. Above the door, an old man sat, hitting and thumping the floor with a wooden staff. A girl, like a cartoon image, on the floor, black hair, pale face...something inhuman.

There are voices piling into her brain, I felt it, black voices, squashes my brain.

I could see death, I'm howling, she's growling, I'm growling the song in her face, I'm tickling her, she's whizzing... and I imagine shooting her out into the road. This is my girl dying.

There are men in the sky.

Her nose is the first thing I see, it's low, it is so small it is packed with; with well, and sane. The hair is yellow. The face is white.

Well, I said there are two women.... I can't call him a bastard because he doesn't hit. But she gets upset and says he squits...she is a special present, she keeps saying something's red;

"It's you, this stupid acting, this red in you, you mean, I mean, you know this... it's just, this;

"It's all hot."

Then I tell her, how there is Hell. And I see her, with me, in another place, shaking, shaking and weeping, in my house...

"I am hating girls."

Anyway she appeared in a window, in a little room, she was there because she was dead, had been dead for a long, long time. Her skin wasn't just white, it was dying.

I decided to have one day with her then leave. I wanted to remember a time, when she was a small lover. We were bright, and clean. We were lighter...sweeter...careful...good...clever...she was tiny, a black window, and suddenly a little black girl on my chest.

So she said:

"It's the strangest thing that you're dead, because I am a girl...because being a naughty man is dead..."

There was all the leaves left at the bottom of the tea cup, I was given and just a mouthful of frozen muddy water to drink. It was frozen cold.

Her face covered by the thick lemon hair, she seemed to have no eyes.

Her face was tilted downwards. She was silence.

That woman is the night, he thought, and, he will fly her.

The woman kept an ethereal glow, he heard the light get louder and louder. She wasn't an angel, she was dead looking, full with something inhuman.

There were no words from either of them. He thought he had become very hopeful.

The orange light that filled up the room and on into the house, dispersed around him as he hauled himself over the wooden counter, and left his tea behind him. He walked through his own glow, and the orange light in him flew about, creating shards of white light like arrows, randomly hitting the walls, or any object with a solid being, all with quite a loud thudding sound, the arrows sparkling as they hit something with droplets of white crystal, and as he moved further the light disappeared into his body. The small room contained an unknown second light, like that of a few small candles or a down turned gas lamp.

I got the wrong woman. We had yellow things in our walls.

I went like a majestic, absolute refusal...evil and deadly refusal to save. Then hair - grabbing silence...then sweet slow. Do you have to do this? She bites me!! She goes absolutely insane, and pulls my hair and drags me across floors...running away. Then I'm back walking around the house, my legs tapping uncontrollably, my hips wiggling...

"Answer me!! Speak to me!!! Save me!!!"

And I want to cry and cry. Laugh and then laugh...

I thought she was dead. I thought, I'll clasp her neck in my hands, where the blood is...the wall covered in spurts of blood. I made her unwell.

I let every one of the words that didn't have time to form in my mind, out in the bed.

I couldn't save.

He only said; "Have bed."

She is in black, sleeping a mile away from me on the other side of the bed, she says;

"I wonder who you are, man dead." , she said that, when I was making black coffee, no milk; in the kitchen, my head hit the sideboard;

"I'm too deadddddddDD!!!!!!!! FOR HIM!!!!!"

It feels it ate enough of me.

I spoke to Mother.

A happy spaced bed all died in with gypsy turning, all happy covers, the rusts damned with little ugly women. There was a heady cane wrapping around my brain, forcing into my head, it was black weeds feeding on every part.

I expected, the smell of rot. You've skin fermenting, fur that's wrinkly hot.

The Mother said the only safe part of me, was inside my nose. So, she lodged there, giggling, and my nose honked, and snorted in reply to her, so I was delayed for some time, hoping this would be the end, the last time only for good.

She was nice to me, but something was in this voice, that alarmed me, a shrill sound that rang like a bell inside my nose, which was blowing out fire. We talked for a long time, just desperate to get the burning out, I was, that, the last portion of me was my brain, and it was going to die. She never could leave, never left, for some days she spoke but it was so quiet, I could do daily things without hearing, until I just forgot my nose, forgot the attack of fire, the end of my brain.

The brain that had been clawed, was burning all over, straight into the cells and the neurons, the only part that felt okay, felt like water, was the part connected to my nose. There were black marks in my brain, physically near an end. It was just another witch.

Worse there is a motorbike roaring round and round and round, part of the ceiling, hitting at the light bulb, assaulting silence.

This was some time at dusk. That's where the damp smell gets friendlier to me, because it's quiet and everyone is asleep, it's where the fried eggs ruddy yolk smell, goes through the air, mixed with cigarette smells. I love this smell all the time; it is like, the warm part of the sun's face.

I keep going out to the motorway, the junctions, the crossroads that keep a piece of civilisation, and the bridges. I don't do anything bad. I wait for buses that never come, at strange hours. Always alone.

Fooled; All the people I look for are dead.

I wonder if I'm bothered, I understand she will go. There I'm hopping from junction to junction, on one foot, that came from one leg, that had to be empty, not there, or it would hurt what I would never hurt.

I don't mind, I get a word in, I say:

Why am I so, about the samples, girl?

In the pink hour I crash over the bonnet of cars, I shake the buildings, take the side streets, go out walking against the shuddering arrival of giant lorries, stepping up the steep grass byways, horns blaring at me about imminent danger, balancing on the

white lines on the tarmac then rushing back up the grass to avoid being run over. I give the traffic a ruse, that they will get me and kill me if I don't move until I jump off the road at the last minute.

All the girls could have got me, having me chucked in through the door, buying them each pawn bracelets as the guarantee, hit in with the key notes of the first fifty marriages, all and only the ones I wanted, living naively under them, idiotically needing to stay inside their total support, so that they worked as I lived on in the quiet places of sleep, sometimes waking and barking, wide eyed, as they turned the key in their door, and I would stay on as a help earning biscuits, would stay, cleaning up a whole hour of peace, as my weakness goes on ahead, rotting the relationship, her bleary work driven tired eyes, watching me live free as I live in her, without a destructive need for, technical, chemical help.

The evening has an accent of semi-consciousness. I want to belt down all comfort, I picked up the street telephone, and whispered it's emergency number to how I love. Street persuasion waited outside the booth, I told it not to hear me, cos he goes talking his clothes, and I end up on some junction, jaywalking, a stereo hanging out of my pants. I have some drugs, packed up and kept in a bookshelf called old months, crude grey pills rotting inside the book like crude milk, crushed and dampened by the air. I am all alone.

I'm open line for girls. Came up on a wonderful, I can't hold out song, I went with a lass thrown at the motorway adverts, the billboards, shook like, they could bring out thunder. I'm in women's nowhere land. Common chaos did another old one. The last hounding of that other girl, the first one, always the first. So like not the wind, this windy way, the poison on me, pathetic and scanned by a policeman with a red laser gun pointing in my eyes. I got frumped, held by the skin of my shoulder, and directed away from traffic. I ended dribbling, and knocking up the glass window of the Chinese takeaway girl.

Remember, if the brains like a football, the jumps have worked, gave a job to a vague, cannot read, but for everyone equal man.

She saw me drink and wanted me to spit. Still gliding round the bridge, at the motorway, going into city. Hung around a bus, until the pink evening turned up the gas, and smogged up the byways, with the chattering bumping, clattering sound of every vehicle in city existence.

=====

Chuck, chuck, cough, cough. The dirty wind of the sea soaked man, someone replies then the television. Things or wind mate, to even and to hold, me, think.

====

End of evil sessions. When FUCK is sounding on the radio, and they are all too much lacking in emotion, to switch off. It's sounding, I can see, Hate. Hate a bulldozer, I didn't want to be called anyway, and say I shut down, weapon town for war.

Stood solemn and careful, speaking gently of another world. Tired.

Threw some more raisins, dropped the bag. White fire, sprang clear, up and over the windowsill, rising and rising, dawn bringing ever compassionate sunlight. Dirty mattress, giving out to heaviness, squeezing itself flat, under me, my heavy eyes, the burden, the relief. Sleep.

The noise is back.

Large baseless thoughts in large baseless men, skin like serpent scales, lime green. I see a huge square face, with tiny horns, and joined up scales of pixilated skin, filling up the bathroom window. A mad overpowering buzzing noise. A juice machine boosts up, roaring jittering guns, on one side and the other of the cockpit. Huge round black circles, blinking red then white. I duck in the corridor, a shot sounds out, and it has a laser sound, bullet howl all round me, I feel cut. I stagger to the safest place, the floor, duck and crawl along the floor, space getting smaller and smaller, endless shattering of guns, and as I stand, to run crouching to the bedroom. Remember there are few spaces here, and I can't avoid the sky and the windows for long. I get hurt, when a laser burns into me, strangely I am not hurt, it must be the state of the doors, because I feel an ache where the laser holes cut me, but not a deadly pain, little hurting holes.

It fucking starts to ache though, and the day is nearly over. Run out of eggs, and can't get out to buy the milk. There's cash going, after me with the mother of hell, from a plan to get out of Mankind. It was screeching and hunting me with blind claws on slimy tentacles.

Sometimes, the rest makes up with me, and stays for a few hours, but I don't even know what to do with myself, when peace is there.

It's clocking up time, and I worry and worry, I miss the quiet hours.

I can get to the shop, so get somewhere for the money to leave town for good, I think, the street walk is a big arena for a funny, mad, battle. I get a beer. They are throwing flames, down at me, from a space that exists somewhere else. I look strange, zigzagging and ducking. I get out a ton ditch of money at the last minute, I get out all I can, circling round the block, on the bike, to get at the post office. Tire flattened, abandon at the gate, throw it even, at the rubbish flying over my front yard wall. Open up a lonely room. Too tired this night, train rides at night are full of mad worries. Go in, and smell the rooms, slight, creaky, stinking emptiness, full of expectant anger, from them, not me, a tiring day, ducking and hiding, and stretching myself straight in the old mattress on the floor, keeping two feet below the windows, wobbling, falling off the bed, aware of the wood planks, disintegrating, cutting open portals all the way down.

I drink, and lay on my back chanting;

"Feather pillows, double bed."

It was difficult to sleep; I stayed whispering to the girl in the wood, I sprinkled her with twenty-pound notepapers. The old man looking for fellow tramps, and advisory

deals, entered the doorway, hovering in a window in the frame, we talked for along time, I told him about the disappearance of love, about willful goings on, so that windows were safe, being sure, without leaving completely, but keeping a safe door. I didn't know what he was, I was heaving up spools of reasons, and worry sickness. It was safe to be in weariness.

=====

There was a girl! A real live, off the walls, girl. All invisible inside the dark rooms walls, floating in the air, at a place to the foot of the top bunk, having arrived out of nowhere and begun talking. Throwing neon and fluorescent green fireworks all over the room, bouncing from room to room. Jay had no idea why she was there, but he was grateful for the interaction and the company. It was completely, free and fun interaction. They didn't kiss.

Perhaps they didn't kiss because they were in a battle. The Roman Emperor had stuck himself in the south wall, and had obviously remained there, but picked his own times for re-emerging. Usually when or until Jay was tired and getting hungry.

They had decided to fight a war, that was going on in a far-off place. Because he had been talking about winning peace by warring with magic. So his idea, was, to throw lights, into bodies, that could stop the motion and function of a body, and kill, not the person but the thoughts of a person, and in that way, prevent their impulses to kill. So, she went along with it in a special way, and made all kinds of colourful lights that exploded around the room. And he was dazed, and happy. Very happy.

Some metal has speed, you kind mad, and springs caught eating the end, of sticking in all.

Funny burns, which you're, face in that and you get spaced with the rusty women out and wanting and ugly looking.

Into of monstrous old and the which and face I foam you.

There were people in a far off land, trying to destroy all lands. We both knew that. She could create rockets of pure fire with her mind, and I was tired. I rolled in the blanket, and tried to offer a kiss without telling her. Our colours were pink and neon green. The way to fix the compass towards the killer's land, was fixed. The lights shot lines of light throughout the black room. Hundreds of doves exploded in the air. They were strange doves of all colour, some coloured one colour in one half wing, and then a different colour in the opposite wing.

The red and blacks.

They were our target.

I thought I had to do away with them, immediately. They would see her and call her things. They had to be destroyed. I stuck an electric fence in the sky, as they burst, their doves flew into the fence and burned.

She shot many until I fell to sleep. We saw men in bulletproof vests, explode, as the dove left their chests, and they fell, but then they stood up again.

They staggered and they were dead, but they stood up.
It was nice to be in kisses, we talked about the devil dying.

In the morning, I prepared my eggs, and forgot her. I was especially silent when I was being mean. As I whisked the eggs, she stood above the oven, inside the wall. I wondered how she could have picked a safe enough place in the wall. The hob sparked, and I delighted in her talking.

I said I had a headache, the only reason because I'm clogged up from smoke and pollution, but really because I could not manage speech.

She said back to me; the only reason I had a headache, was because I'm clogged up from smoke and pollution.

She would go, in and out of the mess. He flew, he always could fly, and still, it was a strange thing to see him screaming silently. His entire body shook as he screamed. Then he spasmed as he tried to take in a huge breath, pushing his chest out, lifting his chin, he barked like a dog...

"You said it!" She told him.

She crept into him.

I'm just going to run away, you can come with me, to get some peace in my head, a nicer pace of life...

And the awful surprise of a picture taken of me by a woman...

"Always those things that were good, were moved away from me, and I was unwilling to live, and it was all set down against me, and thrown upon the floor, I put fire to the floor and the lands above it turned to ash, and there were no more golden things. I wanted to leave my home, and set myself down in boxes and crawl underneath the bridge."

In a break, he went downstairs, to explain he was going to mix the last of the eggs, and make an omelette, with a little of the last milk, that was tasting a bit funny. It was like a house-rule to him, that he could only take from the fridge. So he ignored all the tins in the cupboard, and reasoned that cooking in this Fly was dangerous. He didn't know where flying could kill. A flame could fly somewhere, and create a fire. But, perhaps when the flying stopped for a while, especially, exactly, when he thought that Thing had gone; he could switch on a hob for a very small time.

He left the bedroom, sadly, unable to tell the girl that he was beginning to have a very un-explainable premonition. The shadow of himself following him down-stairs was not quite a reflection of his own shape. It was a comic-strip image in black and blue and dull red, a thinning, shaking silhouette where his head artfully fractured and reformed, and he had a black tail, with a trident thing on the end, he was flickering

and the shadow was talking about being dead.

The fireworks were just a part of having fun. They had made no plan to beat the ghost. It was nice to be flirting. But, when he got downstairs, and walked into the smell of the kitchen, a smell like damp and stale cigarettes, and cleaning fluids and hot night times, a real live smell that was all about the Fly, all about everything that had been happening, he stopped at switching on a light, spoke in his mind that there was danger.

But, mixing the eggs, quietly, the girl must have looked at him, and thought everything was fine, because she appeared again over the cooker, inside the wall, as he pressed the ignition, which was just sparking and resparking, unable to light.

She sang in the wall above the gas hobs, her white and black face settling, in the air, then she gasped, disappeared, and there was a long, low, silence. He hummed, and carried his bowl up the steps.

Into a way where to shadow the battle and prevent the war.

No inside company and as for the plan...

Was of good, as sadly the beat.

The free body, as have pressed to a ghost.

Not so much milk. Fun kill, and did away with the last ignition.

Kiss, but tasting that a flirting sparking!

The motion undoes, and left no inside. The bedroom flung to the wall.

She was silent, so, she must be gone.

From about, the just so, exactly and quietly, Jay had fled the girl. His warring brother, went taking downstairs, the girl was silent, her face, imagined by him, had just disappeared. So earthquakes explain how he had gone dead him, why his was he.

The room was not winning, the head was going to switch and just hurt everything. She was dead.

Peace worrying and breaking, he shadowed the girl, but was empty,

Grateful bodies implode as soon as meeting.

The girl was gone, the interaction stopped, and that happened just as time was stopped. I closed up in dark blue, and heard a loud, shuddering bang, as I woke safe, in yellow.

The computers were down on all fronts. The devil-light computer.

Sign the paper of the time's room. She did it full. You catch too, she killed, sighed, floated at me, to sit in on the times, It eats, them slow, sat the girls, with maggots in it. I went in to know, and went to it, and down, fending in the dark, I played with the black. I killed, jumped, through this room to another room, a sheep-headed soul.

I looked empty.

But they are anger, and they know who I am. My scares left the bones of men dry, they happened to kill, who I needed, I die, joked the girls, It was them again. Go to the computer alone. Foolishly decrepit, from tails of leftover food, called smoke and ash, down went the signs of the storehouse. I met men that made my bones tremble, clacking and cutting up my soft parts. Fight, got in, and got off. Hot giant light and Hate. The room stamped its feet until it got warm, my feet got sick, and tripped through the mushy mud of hell.

I wouldn't stop, "...until the devil happened."

She had anger, but I had more than her.

She twitched sometimes. The thunder in them was no match to mine. Kicking, slow off the horse, I made more and more men angry. They devilled that horse in, when they put leather round it, and metal in its teeth. Empty scares brought many a man down. Girls lightly stamped the ground. A giant warm devil was it, on and on again, more they talked, they made me sick, and my soul went to tired anger.

The joked hot room. You foolishly look down on the weakest.

The devil took her thunder.

Had I not felt we had died, already, I would have got worse.
So, I left that girl.

I got a bus again, for peace in the night.

I had no money for the fare, I said.

I cut up my baggy, pockets, freeze dried and slack from lack of money, slack pockets of two little coins conversing. I had paper, though, but didn't say so.

The bus-drivers eyes flashed dark blue at me, but he couldn't see, because he opal eyes, had no iris, no pupils, no parts left to see. Where to spit?

The seafront appeared close enough to the close of my bus-trip. I didn't want any more. The bus breezed through the traffic, red and neon blue lights crashed into each, singing and swirling like seagulls. I even buzzed for the end, grizzled at the foreign driver, and jumped off where there was no stop, but full water, waiting against a slick

sand line, I crushed into the wet sand, span around by more lights, neon green and pink, and cut the path into town.

I watched the drinkers, arm in arm, prowled round and found a black door, in a long line of white wall, going up the stairs. I peeked through, and saw a ten year old, leaning on an old broken up chestnut table, where holes had been grabbed out of it, even now, the boy was chewing up the edge with his hands, so that the polystyrene like wood dusted the floor. There was a darts board above his head, and musty yellow walls and a strong bleak light, that seemed to make the boy squint at me, as I, squinted.

There was a strong smell of urine, recent piss, in the corridor, I frowned as the boy frowned and played at the fly of his trousers. I had to hold my nose somehow, without my fingers, and walked forward.

Push through, and overrule, quiet step's first. Place so run down, it looks unique. Couples don't come here. Normal pub drinkers don't come here. No one comes here. So, now I like, it.

How.... I can't get out, in a box, 5 foot tall, 1 ft. wide, and 1foot round the back. How can I get out now?

I peeked further; a large woman in a tent dress, passed by the door, and behind was a line of a red bar.

Really like a disaster, they like sovereign pound coins here in the old world, and beer has made the disaster spill oil into the sea. Because the pirates were buried in black tar gasping for a way out.

These are special people. They have a small circle, friends give them money because it's difficult to attract well-dressed neat couples, or to interest kids. They look like they would serve to kids.

Still, took sovereigns, like large round gold guineas, were still being passed around here, under the table. I was meant to get a look. My trainer laces were pink. I just sat at a metal table, and they welcomed a rum and cola. No staring at all.

Most of all, no more monsters, like the monster looking were taking over the holding of the door.

But, this place would be shut down soon There must be hygiene rules. There was football on an expensive long television. It was kind enough of them, just to be there, they were so quiet, there was no war here, no hooligans shouting at the noise... all of respect.

No one talked, they respected my silence. No one should ever talk.

I waited for the same driver to do his circle round and come pick me up. I honestly had no money this time. I stood at closing time, under an old shelter, where the rain decided to hurt me too, in streams of raging possession of a man's luck.

The rain became.

Yes, It became a poltergeist, of more probability it was a woman.

A haunting of the shopping centre. Firstly, someone tripped behind me, and as he crashed down the escalator, hit me hard in the back, laughed and almost caught his trouser in the moving stair gap. Which was neon green. I often stare at neon green, gap, as it moves left to right, wondering when the flashlight will bring me a way of show me something new.

Then a mannequin fell face down, as I stood window-shopping.

Then, a teapot crashed in the china department as I headed for the exit.
And a girl prowled round my ears.

I had gone out to get silence. A new emptiness that other people know, like shopper's know, a safe land for solitude in hundreds of people with only one mission.

.I scream at a man in a striped yellow ochre and black shirt

I have to tell them again. I know I can get through suddenly. Not over through, a big playground, A LARGE ARENA FOR BATTLE. That is better than walks in black hiding from the public, ducking blazes of fire from a loose piece of computer game sky, somewhere a few metres above. A damned baby on the roundabout, a little toddler sitting in the grass, a quick flash of red and black and a shriek, and up it goes in the arms of messed up Valkyrie. I wanted to walk away; I ignored that happening and walked onwards.

There are other worlds across the sea.

In horns when kissing the alien. Lost prams to dead mothers. Wall souls, to meet the bed of the poster, a sidelong glance of the dead, forbidden eyes covered the posters in kisses, to demonstrate peace, the posters were broken and walls ripped down, bottles thrown, at old red eyes, big black bushes of square, solid, peaceful portraits, skull up stairs, skull down stairs, bleeding skulls.

White black white, my cricket ground was broken up, because it was getting full of new flowers in the white chalk cracks of the grass, and, the girls walked by, palms hitting bats, rocking up the green lawn, a son in the tree, with tears in his eyes. The did not women covered for a moment, and passed the posters, his black eyes, watched on, broken fields, and street demons, in heat. They knocked at my door, and I demonstrated a spit. The big want, I and Myself, converted to work in sick, flattered houses of science, and square turtles, smoked and drank her sins up in black heady relaxing mixtures. Going underground was a huge step.

Part of the sculpture is hate.

Bacchus, the dirty of you, man that could fall drunk in the sea, and just get the religion's death.

White could have died; the marble's skin was white.

The garden is a lair full of zombie mistresses, brushing each other's hair, as the hair falls out, and their scalps are dropping rotting flesh, and their claws run down each other's clothes, and they all have the same look as the other, and they cackle in trios, placed in places of the garden where I step up and step down, chewing on tobacco.

All that is unbearable. Joints buzzing, watched frequent repeats, got in would demand, and paranoid, do takes, played that music black as my head, TV alone. I go dribbling through the night.

====

It spat on me, I went to rest. This room island is starting to be over identified and over attacked. Dwell in the island.

A MAN ON A PILL DRIVING PAST AT THAT VERY MOMENT.

I cleaned up the television with a soap and cloth, it was always buzzing, the screen was best left on, because when it was black, loud voices came through, I went as far from it as possible, took a room somewhere else, but, still, the same voice from the same TV.

Horror joys. I detested them, but they spoke with joy. The right, a flash of green across the left, It is best to have a conversation in colours, pink squares shot off to the south.

On the old mattress, and unexpectedly, a shriek in the ceiling, crashing through the roof above, where clouds were licking up bubble-gum blows, and swirls of smoke, gushing from, still, misty, quiet chimneys. It shivered above my body, and screamed and screamed. It got my stuff.

Said: "You sleep for flights, actually, for the fights of that."

A flash of neon blue, shone, and coated the demon-ness directly above.

I had been complaining about the scraping of a rat below, the wood boards, where, my lighter had tripped, and burst a wire below, causing a magnetism in the air, I think, shaky electric force all around the room, Impossible to get rid of.

The headman had been pointing at my bed, while I thought it was just nice to sleep. I was submerged like a spindle, pie, and the submarine on course to my bed, rushed in, like zeppelins too because it was so fat. I didn't detect a smell; it crushed my bones down to light, and ate me all up. I yawned, and went to a sleep.

The head that begins with being young, never gets old, shot off it's own course, the head stays so young, the body feels it is younger, wrapped in soft flesh, in all the years that have gone by so quickly.

=====

Radio;

Get up and doubt everything. Use discipline, when it comes to the things you see, you are right and they are lucky and blind. War goes on around us, and no one knows.

Use the weapons they have taken advantage of. Radio preferred to television. You can do so much more without TV.

=THE WAR=

Still in men, radios down, voice of monster of all airways, I shut down. I didn't know how to warn, them or what to say. I said;, lots in my mind, then spoke the word;

"WAR..."

After some thought, I said;

"....END."

It was a better, peaceful message, please end war.

Take this tale, light this fable.

=====

Volumes of men, riding, mocking, monsters like horses. Go up the elevator to next flight to will the place to violence. Invisible demons. The place appeared died.

The kids rug a station.

It has got me, please help. Feeling tired and worried, cannot go near people. Unsafe. I need prayer. Someone who understands, like light, and gaiety, help me. Send to me, here.

To discuss now, with the ones who care, stationed at windows and under floors. Doing anything, to song.

I must have, I must of, I had to.

I had to call out...

I put my face to the floor, a pillow talking...above me...There's quiet in this direction...

I sat on knees on bed, and my face on the pillow, and my arms, back behind flying in the air, like a crow, a crow-man, in black feathers...

I was going crazy again, I had promised no more joking, I laughed loud, and my trainers were on the pillow, in her invisible face... I knew it was another annoying schism, I rolled on the duvet, and kicked the trainers against the wall, flying at the Thing to hit it with thump that were tiny pinpricks, to a giant man.

I kicked at the grey wall, I joked at the Man. It died everything a little to know there was no wall, just a way into the chasm, how if I stood too close I would fling myself within, as I was always feeling loose, and didn't care as much in daylight, and the whispering thum of traffic, round about the standing house, all other houses destroyed, me, stepping over their ruins, all of them destroyed. One last point, but the point was me. So what's the point?

I went to lock the door, still in the pillow, I bowed towards the door and the passengers...I sank on my knees and looked upwards.

And then;

When I stood up, I looked up to the invisible heights in the clouds, and bent my head, eyes caught flashing in the sharp glow of the light-bulb, and something shook me, and shook me, I lifted my hands, and my head fell back, I choked and garbled, head breaking on top of the neck, through my body like electrocution.

I was shot and fell slowly back to the mattress, I kissed the pillow, stayed on my knees, and stared at a part of the wall, the skirting board marks of dirt, and then, I think I slept.

I made fell plays on her. And she brought kill bottles.

The day she will give her heart, when, I am her day, and she is;

The police door, how do I spell Hijacks on the door? With pencil knife. Hack at the door.

I'm right in front of the police's door. I would do nothing until they give me the prison phone. How could I have opened the door I would not have wanted it, how that Age kills visions, the computer age.

If it wanted to gain, it would find me behind its door, flame in hand, ready to burn. Spindle break appears and my head broken, which is beaten in constantly, that little face, the face turns it's heart towards me and telephones a bridge to joy.

I had to order a TV repairman.

No, I had to abandon house, and guard situation. Call an army to War.

I called the town.

See some scream, be so, the noise. Two of these broken reporters, and the workers office, and everywhere spinning, and 12 letters of hope. Doesn't guys' eventuation, help singing, that haven't got me happy me, but someone had given me birthday sleep, so sleep well, too. For the day that money went screaming, I may since, and stop. That was the amounts of the letters, flowing like, a tap flowing, switched down, or stopped, the paper comes through the door, beside the column of red fire, stuck in the corner, I am afraid of the fire.

The people are angry. Sometimes, they have to be angry, but they don't want to be, so they send hope in little posies. I'm just grumbling like the washing machine.

===

"If, or whether It has yourself?"

I'm following the Emperor. There, to think of yourselves, Roman, impulses to war, to overcome anything, as long as it is selfish in reason, and blind, and ignored, so that the girl had been a kill. Attuned to the amount of others thoughts, if they are mourning, a reason in the air, I'm only going downstairs.

It would be arrogant to wipe out higher arrogant, violent, wild and magnificent evil.

So I was stuck and the smell was as real as the reflection on the stale walls, being invisible is obviously special.

Hot dark made with night-time, each room picked me to follow the sole companion. I didn't do much, I just sat, and sat for all the days.

That black smell, in the cooking of old, dried lard, in the dirty frying pan. The summer of fun outside the walls. The empty reasons, for wall appearance, no other companion.

We just dropkick our emptiness, and want to stick onto the closest thing. So, I made a friend of the Emperor. I was a quiet hum, walking through a broken air.

Because a lonely person's esteem becomes very unlike esteem at all, that is to say you know how and where you are, so it is not, it is a physical wretchedness, it takes you downstairs, and back upstairs, settles you into a undeviating shallowness, you are a shadow inside the battle. You don't express it at the time, you can't communicate. You walk, and wander, and the best way to be, is quiet, no asking for recovery, eat, drink and sleep. Don't yield by showing it what it could do to you. No fear, that isn't It. There is wariness, make It look absurd to you, carry on as you are, bore It to death even. Don't hold out to despair.

You don't know despair yet, not at all.

I have many who can win. I don't desire a thing, how to win?

Wait a while for me,

A poor kill.

I'm mean, that, here downstairs, I was fractured and cut off. But what was funny was that, I accepted the thing; that curse... I was a clump, that loathed myself, I said this each time, I got out of bed, and stepped past It's position in the wall, close to my head of the mattress, perhaps more of It, with me, because It had got extremely quiet. I just had little falls in my mind, the anger in me was being forced through little walls called acceptance of anything.

Smell the smell the real lights, all my sleeping left quick, or brighter impulses behind, and as I did only small things, no challenges, I could see It was getting smaller inside Itself. It was getting as small as me. So, that, my dozy neutrality, called up one complete truce.

I never thought of this; if I would ever see the great parts of life. I still did the same quiet things. How long did I think a day would last? I had schisms, like vibrating physical parts of delayed emotions, that were rushing and crashing into each other in one solid queue of disasters, and tumbling like dominos, until they were mixed in together, collapsed thoughts were all discarded because there wasn't enough time to pick them up.

I got taken into It, I didn't know It's personal thoughts, even if it could have thoughts that were person. It was a monster. I knew the shape of It's face, without looking, I had small threads over the eyes, little black dresses, that fluttered over the base of It, and wasn't frightened, knew It's look, but too scared to look at It's mass, or origin, or how It could have formed. It had formed from Evil. It had a man's voice.

I hated the type of man, I ate delicately under It's nose. I never spoke to It, though. I was tired of all the crying and calling out. I got some days back, realised silence.

Then far off, I heard screaming. I balanced my spoon on the edge of a cup, and let the cornflakes mould, while I flicked my eyelids, thinking.

See some scream, so be the noise.

I went for It. I sang the next movement.

I got metal arms and legs, like the bicycle, I made myself steely, and silent, that silence got so loud.

I'm dribbling like water. I've got stuck bazookas. Unknowingly put holes into them. He recommended how to build motorways. I'm actually in the trenches. Pick up a knife, ornamental skylines around this knife. Colours appear on the papers' edge, I can bounce a dinner knife on the mattress. They wanted houses rather had glass buildings.

Cut up aluminium cans with sharper knife, and strung them together as wind chimes to put on garden door. I drank many of them and my gut was hanging. Bags of matter, like particle matter. There the kettle left the pot, and got hangover.

Your water plants in a singing pocket were dripping and rotting. My coat left outside, in the summer. The neighbour barked and rolled his g's, whining when it got stuck in its own throat, went on and on, rolls over with his song, and got stuck by the lead tied round the well, and pulled itself, bouncing back and forwards. I threw the last egg at it's head. It went to the toilet.

=====

Crashing head on into speeding cars, boiled up. There was a security door ahead of me, I had crept under the motorway, into the tunnel, and I walked, with a tie round my lips. There was no bad air prevention. If you are watched you are already caught. Slow process to arrest. I was dirty clothed, standing at the door, I shoved my body into it, and shattered. The door remained locked, I went backwards across my path, and got away from the traffic.

=====

They came with stage fright, a, dribbling night handle, believed rather than shredded, dreaded. Money bottle, a big blue bottle fly.

Jumped my bones.

Find a family.

It was a meeting in the old places, of darkness...There, I had a room, but there were portals in the room, in the walls, inside furniture. A long man with a long arm in a black sleeve, reached out for me, as I lay on the mattress.

The moon is yellow.

The rug edges are sharp with florescent blue magic. The place is as old as a piece of papyrus. It's the estate; it's the whole floor. Emptied of people, the new humans. Evil in the king's book, tales of demons in men, under skin, trying to eat them from the inside.

The sword is in the garden. Wails from women, swirl round the air, hit at by a shrieking cow, with a mind like an alligator, a face of a woman on top of glistening, melting pools of faces, and glue sticks, that mould round a huge seat, and wobble and re-form, and harden up. It has evil speeches given on It's official throne. I try to sleep.

I'm poor and awake.

I flick ash, into egg boxes.

Justification of blackened webs, inside empty uncaring chests. Two soup rooms for one guest, bang, bang, going doing, vibrating pipes, whacked at hours in the night, by a wife that loves me forever.

If I shoot off from the record, that wife isn't so good. She won't leave the room and come down.

That golden safe' feeling be, don't be in the worlds night...

I am must a rebellion, but its a lonely lazy one.

So I hear the voices of the Army.

In haste of evil, the gangs pour into the squares around the buildings. They obey a monster they think is a woman. I need them, to re-mission. For my side. For good.

An obese woman mesmerised them. Sex happened, have a sword. But my sword is in the garden.

Tentacles climbing up the walls. Family chopped into liquid.

The gang has to save me.

It spurts liquid. I am frozen. Food has run out. I have been awake for a long time.

Can't explain a history, exactly.

Far enough and better than a lot of people, with blindness, a trench city call townwards has reached just special ones. Different people, than I could know. I always pause at the door, stare blindly through the gap, then slam them shut. I don't want to know them as much as they want to know the exact mess I'm in.

I have some odd ones. They are so strange. All of them ready to fight. They fight in ways I wouldn't think of.

I keep them stationed in various compass points around the places I sleep in. They all have their own individual strange ideas about what to do, to fight. I just go on with the days, as empty as I am, because I've got a lonely place now, and walk to hide It.

It is called, that he left over bits of love, making me almost aggressively disinterested in the making of love, well, just 'do I look down and say; 'oh'...when I bump into a worker somewhere. I thought all was a black spell and a burning hall.

It is called 'It. Or the Mog.

A lull, in the looking of a marred face, a tinge of blame, is so much against me that, I go out hollering against the bus driver, and he is old and native and he sweats tears, he is so lovingly dejected. Bus rides are a good reassurance. About gangs that ride them, they pay off the conductor, and punch at the windows, they ignore me. I haven't met one person who must know. Even the time of hands is so involved, the wrinkle on the dressed knees, and the patience, and good silences. I got a day pass. All these nights I spent, where even the evil, began to want an end of nights.

One monster was shot, and trapped in the garden.

It writhed and I jumped away from it, and over the fences, ended violently standing alone. A dangerous florescent green light shot through the gardens.

There was a powerful thing in those who could shrug it off.
Town tiny and dangerous.

If anyone was out at this time, they would be shot. The one who heard me, would feel shot, hearing clash of thunder, like musical instruments, crashing down to the devil's fire. Its black breath, where a person dies in its music. Received messages back into the kitchen to pretend life is going at a normal, boring pace. Break some eggs, bleed out the old lard on the pan and use it again.

Lonely leathery women, dark winged, passed me in men's cars, revolving round me, and kissing me with dark understandings of men. I'm a better man, they said.

The demons are still too free. Quietly kill them, use a kitchen knife even, and cut a little slit in the heart.

Sit in front of the television;

There is an end of the world scene, on the television, but no one can know, only, me, its just sound, loud voices, they fill up the entire house and smash into my head.

I like to hear sounds out of the window, outside, like happy shouts and birds, even the insane cat girl that keeps shrieking, but an old man is out there, crying I'm dead. Shut in shouts, a repetitive lobbed stone, one stone of being part dead, next stone; you are dead, flurries of stone, like crashing tribes of birds hitting the stone slabs on the ground; I am dead, you are dead. I don't want to be dead, and stolen cuts at my bare feet makes my legs wooden, breaks my knees and slams down on the earth so slowly, that I don't want time to be moving, so I slam the window shut. On and on it goes, he yelps like an old man dog, and says, You are dead! You are dead!

It takes my head!

I think he should shut up. I sit at the window, and he never shuts up. I sit on the floor; I face from the window to the wall, stones of death, still dead, never silent.

I stay all day with the shame of being dead, I don't go out, then, when he is zapped into the dark blue of the nighttime, mixed with orange slurs and break blues of light, twisting from particles to conduce sparks of colour through the night, I sleep. NO, I wait, I wait inside the bed, and he leaves. Then, she comes.

Cut the holes out of my eyes, if it were not for It, It would go to caring.

If it was you, and it was me, even the Man in the wall, would go on caring.

Take me to the woodshed. That's where I go on long days, I sleep on the wooden bench, where the rust waits and wood goes, falls into muddy waters, chewed up like cats inside cigarettes, bears gnawing on the bench, raccoons twisting black liquorice fingers, and milky white chocolate teeth. I'm not sleeping in the streets; I'm sleeping

on the edge of the street, cut in two by a house with two doors. I drink milk to eat. I wait for the appearance of the summer girl. I sing to her, on my back on the bench, the cushion falling apart, my legs sinking into holes, and splinters, and I rest my head on metal, loud riotous metal sounds, where all the dark around me has it's silence.

I was in a corrupt hole. It was the pit inside myself, it would look like, a place of not caring. Slipped a hat over my eyes, to bring on amnesia. Or maybe it was high ultra-violet fear, and much dead like ideas, stirring in a fire bowl mixed by someone I didn't know, who knew parts of me, and could take control of me. When she died, I just stood up and left the room. I didn't wander far at all; I stepped, turned, and sat down, as free as easy young men with dilemmas. I hadn't shaken me out properly, or attempted to take it on. I just noticed it piling up, where I had dropped my head on the floor, so that it wasn't even in my skull. It was gone. I was not free, but I was full of a breaking emptiness, and I skipped off from it like a happy person at times, so I was free.

A bleeping bright hangover, cider beers all gone, a glass for fingerprints to conceal prints with ashen beads of dusty white powder.

Handover about temptation. Groaned about the entire empty business. Dissatisfied just because is, this is, nothing.

I got lost in thinking of emptiness. Damn, there was a pill in some of the things I did. A rush of happiness.

But I started doing bad things. They told me so.

THE POLICE APPEAR; (OR NOT) IN FRONT OF TV)

I have battle clothes on; the police don't like to suffer. I sit in looking at the pointless black. Want to put their conversations in the bin.

Have us, The Epic Empire people, or the company Bags.

I will look over and suffer the hands of the call, hands dragged on some gravel.

The resting rubbish outside on the police ground.

There, I sit with hate, and lap up the chat-show. Die marks on the eyes. Old the bottom, when hate is being automated, the bedroom stair, they too are clapping the door, looking to speak. I read a skittle on the record. There are, two dark sitcoms, like policemen, and I look to the door, round the middle.

Then, from inside, they ask the distances. Was a good merry hall, at my hours. Kicking for the question, my eyes thump. I look at sport, peeling hate eyelids that hate being on top of the television. The hate watch.

Don't face down, upon things; it takes too long, too down.

The soft white is a woman. The black strength is a man. The kill in the woman is to be a man. The bite is from an Abel. The Abel could be Cain. Often is...The Cain is cruel to the white woman. The black man isn't devil, he is just the woman.

So whiles they were busy, I was in front of the TV, they worry and face things but say when I get It, they are a just, they try another angle and a little more, ended with them going with me, they go to being lighter, lift me up and quietly search for the Things outside.

Quickly hit me to the floor. I am gasping with a shallow surprise of tiredness, hit around walls, and against channel after channel on the big screen.

Anyway, I suffered.

He splinters the ugly, and likes holes. Wooden faces paving golf in scoreboards but as fit as stones. I have the floor to go by, and would have preferred the ground. I'm nice to them too, walking in to wearing the ones I play here.

I need a transformation, the communication is frightening, it's never there when I want it...when it is, and I'm deaf. And dead.

So feeling I had to go back was a bad want, that is because the sweetest wandered on by, the day that she sees me, she saves me.

She goes like emptiness; she waits there, on my bed, and makes a giant tearful loneliness, because she doesn't speak, ever. Then she goes with even more silence, the emptiness she leaves me with, laid on the bed like a rose with a huge thorny branch, a token I could expect to have, and keep, but she makes me a shell full of loneliness, on purpose. We don't speak to each other, we don't touch, I just need her help, so right now. She hates me, and she frowns so much that I get fire-like emptiness, gives me dizzy spells and choking throat cut up by the noise of existing in nothing, And so she goes, and I never wonder where to, I just wonder why this air is filled with such a low.

I don't berate, I choke. She bites me, she is forming all kinds of hellish cans for me to fall into and drink up. She won't weep. I do.

I can lift myself and walk out, like I can levitate across the room, my elevation stitched into a hazy, feeling of escape, so that walking from her, is my last powerful relay called moving, my last way of getting out of the emptiness in us, and escaping to something lighter and normal, and that is always new to me, when it happens. Just to get up and walk away.

Sorted out the places inside...some man went fucking nuts at me.

I fork the road, that went foul at me.
I roll the stone of the devil's tomb, upon their feet.

He thought it was a spectacle of unallowable anger, like I hauled myself in, over his fence, like a losing animal. I was tired of miles of grey motorway, so I snuck in, through the business to see what they could sell me. I dragged a little of the It's red cat with me. It had stuck itself to me.

A loud television and a quiet person.

One ginger tom, fighting a white cat with ears back, one black with a white face and paws, scratches at ground, ginger sleeps, the black and white cat, wakeless turning it's face one way and the other, white remains scratching at the ground, ears back, waiting, they screw up their eyes, never seen them before, out in the garden, eyes shut tight, looks like they have gone to sleep except for the white cat, crouching...then black one sits, then lies down, ginger tom yawning. The white cat gets up and runs, then, stops, sits down, and goes to sleep.

Flying cameras, and spy lights, from broken doors and black windows, filming life around us, observing other life forms;

Next the one where a big man, grabs him and shakes him about violently, throwing him on the floor, and so the camera, films him trying to wake up from a cut up curb, by

Where am I wandering most of the time? Not in my way.

The old bakers, sitting beside the boy band. The dead as four, on some island. I keep the beginnings, but they are merely falling.

I do, I keep all the good, right, beginnings, and they just go off somehow.

The moons are for it, and want contact.

No keep, and find her tidy. I take forgiving on fully. The last indigenous wedding, in a pond, was, kindness, I went white as sap, bleeding from a tree, I stole the alms, and thought of they and the them as black and turning deciduous, full grown, and stuck rooted to the ground of adulthood.

She rushed back through the hallway howling.

Black guns were shattering invisible objects in the building. Morse code like noises were rushing in from hundreds of voices. I ducked, hands over my head, slamming hard into the floor. I shrieked.

Nothing was hurt. The weird thing was their robot bullets hit nothing. I got hurt slightly when a laser had trapped me in the narrow hallway; it was like soft needles

sparking my skin and difficult to shake off. But it didn't kill me dead, it subsided in minutes.

Being down can't hit men either. They just bark.

The yellow dress girl never got to speak to me. Because every-time she tried, she stared back, at my huge frown.

A list of companions;

I was mad enough to ignore all of them. They tried. I just thought it was bothersome, and slightly mad just to discuss anything like, an invisible war, that normal couldn't see. But they could, this is why I avoided daytime streets, or used the speed of a bike to counteract anything against them. Because they got caught up in the something around me, and would talk weird, or look as though they would drop dead, under the hand of some mad assailant. That crashed into me so much, I did nothing, and I avoided anything.

If I meet you, say where.

If the place to meet is a mad crowded place of the blind, say exactly where. We were all weak, the companions and I lived a normal life as oddities. It's easy to see why...normal people, make weaker people hurt. They hit at the odd, because there wasn't a church, and there wasn't a school that could explain the different scales people had set in order to hurt the weak.

These are real people.

The companions...

Most didn't even hum. They expected me to read minds I expect.

Just to sit there, and catch me because I wanted to look. But, never looked up, themselves.

There was a female version of the insane cat. Bad mistake, that one I had called out to, knowing completely she was foe. She was outside all the time, talking and talking, did nothing but make Hell worse, and for some reason I loved her, I stood outside sometimes, watching the space she occupied, trying to draw her face. I flicked ash with my fingers pointed down. Then, she just seemed to get tired and disappeared for good.

The yellow dress girl had warred her. When I was humming, she had kicked, she forced a mad energy, which just made the cat woman growl, then, she screamed, and it looked like the cat had died. I had got her out, somehow, just by being near her. The hell had been formed, by accident. What it was, was that, yellow dress screamed the energy through a compass point, and heads were screaming from the pain. Circles of swarming black, witch images, like cartoon silhouettes rushed around her head. I saw them rushing too, some time previously, round and round my room, like a girl. But the pain was magnificent, it said, cruel will go, and crueler wanted to get something,

despite that, it wanted more and more of its cruel. There was a conversion I expect, when I found, the cat woman was massing kill me, and I said, so, you are a strange friend. The cat then, wished she could be bright.

I know she gets every letter. But, I don't know if she does.

Motorway section, a long walk. I step a few yards, and throw a penny each time, sometimes I hurl the penny, towards a passing car, or on the ground, or at whatever I pass. Something chalky caught my mouth, I kept grabbing at my tongue. After a while, I felt wrecked, I was buzzing along in a joy, then it cut in half in my mind, and the unexplainable happiness, turned ill-fighting, it grabbed my belly and put a low light inside me, and as the sick caught my stomach, and even though I had a short term memory of that lightness, I was now so low, and I cried tears, because it took me up and down, shattering me in confusion of what exactly to think of, to pick which feeling was most dominant.

What if the Monster went sideways? What if It crept out of my wall, and went next door? What if It could never die? What would I do, all by myself? I'm certain It can't get hold of me, and does give up, like I won't. Don't forget, I don't give up.

Right, I spoke to the list. Plans are forming, aren't they? They must have the plan, cos I'm lost. That living must have spelled them. They weren't meant to live, the war children. Well, they must be safe now.

I'm getting that sure the Cat monster is actually a human being. There was a girl far to the north of this town, out of the country, who took my call, someone who was cat-like in personality, with a ever-present shriek inside her, with a mind that was exploding everywhere, all the time, like it couldn't stay inside her head, so pieces of mind like glass, constantly smashed and went all over the places of her outer body where the mind moves, the lost shards cutting into the edges of it, trying to regroup and then shattering again

So, I gave her my time, wandering local gardens, in amongst the monsters, the zombies that painted each other's claws, the shadow of the sun falling behind trees, and it was a lot of time, but we could get nowhere. We are both too gone, to move ourselves along to places that made sense, though we knew the sense unlike the normal people, who couldn't catch fish like cats could.

Light, there are two kinds of sin, the worse is ignoring, and that is ignorance.

I must trudge through this creamy white mess of the monster party, all the time, it stinks. It's the smell you couldn't wash off your hands, it's a mixture of putty and vomit...It sent me dizzy sick.

It was like she was despairingly unaware of her own mind, but she could speak and scream, so I felt pity for her, she is my friend, of course.

Obviously, just a mistake to call over the place, counting on some random luck. Some power in a person that can overcome. People are all small. They are meant to be small so that they can fit.

Where to spit on everybody, if you want to.

Where not to spit; where others would spit.
A magical lunatic comes first. He fits.

We loved fighting it, it brought us together. I went alone though, most times. WE didn't like fighting it so much as the fight, the connection we had all brought. The hangman was the one who picked to fight us. He was actually my neighbour. He lived below. He swore loudly, and hit a girl.

He knew me, somehow, but how I didn't know. I spent nights awake, so that we wouldn't cross each other.

I was scared of the way he cursed, cursed and swore, all directed up at me through the wooden floorboards, shockingly loud and upsetting.

When I went to get some sleep, colours swirled above me, mixing in each other, yellow forming circles that flowed into lime green circles, and a creamy white light that shimmered inside them.

Colour smells; you throw me yellow, and I chew lemons...a doorway to a feast, I'll make jelly chocolates out of colour, really; burgundy smells like mulled wine and pink is like apples.

Vermilion fights, it's worse; the dull cream off your hands, and dull scarlet, the red is vomit...it sent stinks through this creamy white, all me and creamy white is a worry, it was a permanent fix...the smells of sickness. Without the given, it's the smell that succeeds, the sick is so strong you can't breathe.

The joy that gives you good sleep, was rushing back towards the sick feeling in my stomach, the rotten way, I jumped from happiness to dizzy tiredness. Milk ran out, and the tea I took was black.

The poor cat girl that was dying. I loose my head.

... its body is obese the flesh talons, I loose my head
because it sitting in a piece of the cat-girls mind.

It moves her somewhere to pure horror. The terror in her has lost the use of any recognizable language. Longer and longer the minutes go, now then at I realise

.She is too quiet

I asked a question to anyone in the garden, I flipped the empty chair in front of me,
round, to face a ghost:

It has to think of grass, a quick flash of red over the blazes of a bonfire, from a few metres, feaces throws itself, spattering, at the lawn and the child's swing,

It walks in black, and up it goes, walks in black, It's hiding It reminds you, gives a shriek, and up it goes with you. It takes something of you.

In the playground, the large tentacles, of messed up woman's head, curl round the swings and the seesaw, the medusa shriek, the woman's face, beautiful and handsome like a man's, sometimes sucked into the glob and noise of the shifting shit of it's massive body. In the arms of this woman, the man with the tan and black striped shirt, his mouth a huge O. Then he screams, and the shitty flesh actually giggles and the medusa lifts her chin, closes soft black eyelids and sinks into the flesh.

A flash of bright red over my head, and the man steps out above me, taking long strides, and walks away.

Too angry?? I'm angry too, they don't free you. like.

I walk out,

I walked out into the garden, shaking, shaking badly, then I sat down on the lawn, and I started to cry, and my jaw and chin, wobbled uncontrollably.

A shadow of him on the floor have both of them covered, put on and come in with the blues.
In evil whilst in my aching chest and one hurt cat.

I and her the myself watch the cat and the It and shape It to her.

The cat has rather a lot of the lay and as the beetle, scuttled that floor there, across here I am man.

I had a meeting with a stranger.

I would find him on a wall outside the clinic, he said.

I had sat, and he just appeared, limping up the steep curl of the black tarmac lane. He had been looking at my lunch.

I'd been down on a broken wall, and complained about the act. Waiting for a lift to the new worlds.
He says he is, sometimes.

"Di side of di moon, that song."

He says he has been through forms. Perhaps he is more.
He paces up and down comfortable.

I don't ignore his manner, I am full of the height of huge trees, outside, and, I have a complaints brochure, so, how tall is he, kissing?

"I've been told to dig the gold."

=====

"He wants to know....

"What? Who? "

...Does he need a weapon, for this?"

The black man on a blank rolling pavement of sliced vortexes, and blinding curves, led me up the winding gravel path of convex and concave latitudes. It rolled up one way on the grass, concave, on the mud the other roll, convex.

I strolled behind him, like a lacking regular of the sideways streets. I saw we had leveled up to a large house, surrounded by lime green patches of roll, grass softened by the care of rich water. A red car, on the edge of the building, written under a balcony of lime wood, or lemon wood, that soft, light, walnut coloured wood, big round windows, bay size... a little money for the little regulars. I didn't understand at all...

The black tramp, his hair winding down his jacket like red vines, walked on swiftly, and cut at the huge red oak door with his hammering but soft wrist. A bell rang out two times.

A middle-aged and thin, but pretty woman stood in the entrance. She had all manner of ways of holding herself, her body together and her self up towards respectable vortexes, a mission awaits, a mission and a cruel curving path to madness.

I had drunk at a beer given to me outside my home, and on seeing the vastness of the situation upon me, felt like I would piss myself quick, and surely in front of someone, or in the place I could never be in which was this huge house, the piss needing to take a walk, quicker than I could go...I almost went for my pants and hurled them up like a flag of morry mu.

A large, burly man in a light grey suit jacket, and pants, and black shoes, moved up behind her, and grabbed at my hand.

"What would I need a weapon for this..." I asked , sozzled.

A range of boys to the wall opening on the left, introduced to me, big caps and baggy pants, mostly grey or sky blue, on a low grey backed sofa, stretching across the middle of the vast space, some playing the pool table to the right. I sat in between

them, and stared for intervals of low chat, and quiet knock of balls into baskets, a slow burning fizz points lit up as ju8st a noise, a noise hit me, and the round ball man, asked:

“This war...do I need a weapon for this?”

I shrugged, I shucked inside my jacket holding my hands together tight and hidden underneath the clothing. I blinked and creased my eyes so tight, they burst at my eyelids and tears rolled down.

I study boxing like I study mess.
I don't like it.

Black Jack Mulligan, the wrestler...

The fortitude of a hippie, with an extra long beard, the mindless circling of the opponent, waiting for a punch from a stoned Bigfoot, heavy hair on his shoulders, random scuffles, no punches, just a last weak push at the bones to make the opponent stagger. Round and round he goes, not prowling, just like someone else has slap-banged him right into the middle of a fighting ring, like he's off the homeless streets, disorientated, confused, really very tired and sleepy. I don't like much. I don't concentrate.

A stutter, the question brought a weak, shudder, because the conversation was pointed at me like a gun, so I shuddered and knew another day had gone without that one gate in speaking my own mind.

Other words like a loose jumble that didn't equate into anything, that never needed to be said, and it was the old men that did this, the first killers, the special killers, the clever bully gang that said, our, words and no others, so people just sang little pages from books that said, How to, and I was all d's.

He passed me a rolled cigarette, just as he sagged his bulk down onto a seat. The man who led me here began to roll, picking up tools from the paraphernalia on a glass table. The boys sulked off and congregated by the windows, often turning heads to stare for some time at the glass table.

“I was sure. When you sent the message, that it could be done, I knew you'd need a weapon...if the monster has killed, and you are left for dead, fight back. Take it down, gladly. I'm asking, you don't need a weapon?...”

“I...ah...No, I don't.”

“Something here for you, see?”

His left arm disappeared, and a thud hit the glass table, which I was staring at. It was a small, thick and compact hand gun. The man beside me picked it up, and slapped it in his palm. Then he took a grab at my coat, which I tried to shake off, and he quietly pushed it into my pocket. The place was silent, after that. I sat back, while they talked, staring round me, trying to look like I was sleeping.

When the companion stood up, I shook and jumped.

We left through the french windows, passing the boys.

Outside, we strolled side by side.

Then, he turned fast, and gave me a stare like a hundred deadly lions, his bristling beard, framing him like he was on fire. With two hands held up like thick paws, then to pounce, he pushed me, and I fell on the gun, which clunked on the pavement.

Strange fire, he stared, from beneath the tangled, fuzzing beard for a while, then turned to the road, and broke into a run. I scrambled up and with no idea of what to do, walked my way home. I went into a strange remembrance, my hand in pocket, feeling at the grooves of the handle of the gun, and picking at the rubber with my nails. I saw death just two times, but my head felt heavy and I watched the ground rolling at speeds, stopping when it hit colour, checking the colour of rubbish, investigating the stones of the gravel, making the lines of the curb rush and rush along my line. The overhanging thought of death, picking at something below my belly, below the gut, quick and light with walking, belly talking blue and dark, hiding streams of visual picks at me, of responsibility the stomach spoke, and the head rolled on along the pathways, the cement said common people, light and happy people, not rolling ends to dark places. The last places inside the belly, no heads, no up way to the first head, just deep, gut.

So kill the old men, make them go, living soldiers that had built up towns of clay like clemency, houses for women soldiers, the old females, the cool cursing, the white blooming flowers, the little prayer books, and I emerged into fields groups of lovers, fields of virgin pill-droppers, one dead wife,

one little innocent in her, tempting at me with love, hitting me, hurting me, in the biggest comedown, possible. All over the grey, I told her, no dawn, no high, dead, dead, hit with a shriek of sharp chalk screams, and misery and tears and whys

virgin thinkers, rising upwards like new fearing fires, all of them became new

thinkers,

when the first men were drowning, because it made them so, because everyone wanted to think, we purged the floor of the old haters, and brought new fires, full of love stars, pill droppers soul, wanted love drug, love too, love me, love drug, more and more...

Wanted love pill and love, pill, in espresso, free cardboard coffee cups and a choice of

espresso in a table of choice. Comedown now. Only a comedown left now, and my church
 and burning expectations in cardboard clowns, all building spades, and aces, and jacks, and
 feared countenance, and escapes from mirrors. I hated you. You were hate. AND she was
 strange innocence, I do not become.
 I will not wash, 10 weeks, bought me ten months. No wash, no out. No order in you, no
 well in you. Don't tell me you are scared of water. No, no, no, Hopes create secret worlds.
 seven pills she put in seven coffees. I had a permanent taste of fizzy chalk on my tongue, so
 then, I gave up sugar.

Nothing got anywhere. No further, bands of insanity. Too much emptiness. I told him I had to go. I couldn't bear to call him to anything, he has already stepped over to a place, I couldn't follow him to.

The search was getting mad, I thought I had addresses for some. I was wrong.

Men got angry at opening doors. They scowled, thumped, hummed and jerked their shoulders. I wanted to call the gold digger back. But I had let this friend go for good. Of course, he was there, all the time, he was there like the monster, but pacifist, and unstable. Too unstable to live under It's ever burning gaze.

I got freedom in hours. Some hours to spend completely alone. Again, It happened that the Monster's were bored, or, as I thought at the time, had gone or had died, because I had won over.
 Perhaps.

Tick, tick, tickertape...roll ten tickertape prayers, light them...roll a blanket round the key, bang at an almost loose plank, and lift it with a dinner fork, lower key, deposited safely in a small hooked black block.
 Safety first.

I liked to go for walks, in country roads, in this weather, the motorway, and it's café/garages on the side, were deflecting huge gazes of fire in the sky, there were even shimmering in a mirage, cars kicking up the sand, and gravel lining the pavements.

The reporter was odd. Never revealed a location, but constantly talking. She was a journalist, in a way, that a tinkly hat could labour in notes and death crashes in the city, and she made it all up. She reported from her home. She sailed huge white flags, that waved to me, as I walked. But she never helped. She waved the flags when she thought I was safe, and It was gone.

I found a hole in a ditch, burrowed by a huge animal, that had left it's giant claw-marks in the sandy hollow.

I stuck my head all the way in. A dog barked from far inside the tunnel. A swift skinny grey dog flew through hundreds of tunnels, all the way into the city.

As I pulled my head out, I saw streaks of scarlet liquid lining the walls of the hole. An animal was dead.

Further out into the half woods, cut off from a road of large homes and jaguars stinking dead dogs in the baking air, I went slowly. Fresh air, that unattainable air of freshness, now poisoned through by sharp scents of gas, made Monster's die. It made me weep. The air was cut through with an orange slice of choky chemicals. My eyes stung. Usually I hid my eyes from the bad air, and closed off my mouth, so that I could block my breathing through the mucus clogging up my nose, but this time I lit a cigarette. The air was so hot, I thought the cigarette would explode immediately. I met the no one of nowhere, and rounded a path back to the town. Where was the town? Where was the war?

I knew every single person in the vicinity knew, but I would keep to family, first, stage a sitting, prepare for a speech.

There was a dove guiding me. It had flown past me for many days. It was bright red, and looked like it was made of rubber or plasticine, always singing, flying round me, speaking to me. It had a woman's voice.

"If you speak to me, I will see you."

It used to accompany me round the pathways to the newsagents. It gave me it's address on the first day, I just crowded out, and circled the address, undecided. The dove's voice was old. Sometimes it was crotchety, peeved with my silence. I was always silent. There's was lots more than, some old or middle-aged woman, who couldn't possibly help at all. Perhaps would drop dead when she realised what we were going to have to face.

But, she was on the list. And this one person, was the only one that had come forward, specifically came forward, showing me she was sanity, easier, wiser than the cat-girl who had lost it all.

One day, the bird spun round and round a small front garden, as I walked up to the shop. She spoke loudly from one the houses, all lined with small gardens, nicely looked after, light brown brick and white windows with wooden frames. Lace curtains.

I was led by the dove's voice round the back off the houses, stopping precisely at a black wooden gate. Huge pampas grass, dried and yellow filled up the garden, where I saw some cats slick through, lots of different cats, not the same one; they were, one after another, like little prowling tigers.

Little chords on a little piano started.
I followed the sound, through mud and tall grass.

I had to be curious, what else to be here? I expected some purpose to this, to get rid of the bad things in caged places that never let up.

A compact dark brown mass, struggled at the lock of the back door, the inside of house was in darkness. I said:

“Hello.”

She was bent up, and full to bursting, in a dark brown scratchy hemp-like coat, a little slightly dirtied, white, soft hat over her head, covering up most of a messy dirty, white face with grey fur on her skin, and dark grey-blue eyes like the depths of a cold sea, that overwhelmed the rest of her, because they were so large.

She giggled, as she turned her bent, big body round, and slowly...a silver cat ran swiftly cross the dirty linoleum floor and I entered her kitchen...there was the sound of boiling, and hissing, and I looked round, and saw a huge shiny blue saucepan, overflowing with white ebbing fluffy water...she headed towards it, as I stood in the middle of the floor, humming, my hands in my pocket, in a manner of politeness I picked myself up and stood tall waiting.

She moved the heavy pan slightly off its hob, turned and grinned a thin black smile. Then she picked up a big wooden spoon and dipped it in the forth. I hummed, watching. I bowed a little and peeked into the pan.

I choked. My tongue got stuck in my mouth.

There were two giant legs of pimply flesh, protruding out of yellow water, fungus swirling and hanging onto horrible pink flesh...It hit me with the appearance of weakness, disgusting temptations, caught in the end of life.

She laughed as she stirred and said, they are not chickens they are both ducks!

I thought they were humans for a moment. Take a chair in that room; I will be a little while.

"Gosh! It just slapped you!" She said, as I sat, on a comfy, plush orange and red roses cover cushioned chair, with wooden arms, and stared round, taking in clues of the room, wondering what it was, about the atmosphere, I heard a shriek.

In a flash, my face was slashed across the nose by something sharp and painful, then, a sharp claw grasped at my skull where the hair flopped, and dug in.

After that warning, the cat just slopped into a little fur ball, and fell off, rather than jump off, me and the chair.

"Gosh! It just slapped you!" The old lady said, somehow without seeing as she was still inside the kitchen.

He stood up, and looked at himself, and pulled together all the bits of clothing that needed it. Then he stepped forward and jumped back, as the fur ball at his feet, growled and shoved forward a large paw with long evenly spread, flowered black claws. He fell over into the chair.

"Did it again!"

=

The curtains were shut, but it was bright outside so that the room became friendly, it must have always been friendly, but kept in the dark. He saw a few black blobs on the carpet and realised he was sitting in a cat litter.

The woman came in.

She was followed by a cacophony of shrill mewling, and quick dark flashes of things rushed to her from all directions. She bent down further to feed a mass happening of cats, like cats in a cult they gathered round her bowls of tuna. She lifted a little fist and punched quietly at the air, towards his face.

"I am Horrid. I did, and I didn't do!"

Cats are never grateful.

The house was safe. He had already checked. Now, he had to wait for what exactly would be said next...Strangely he could hear a woman's voice, in the walls, that said:

"Right...ten o'clock and meet me here. I stop it. You know how? It doesn't like my ways, it burns when I look at It."

He stared at her, stroking the cats, his mouth open, emitting gasps of confusion.

The voice was in the wall behind him. It wasn't her talking, it wasn't this old woman here in front of him, it was someone else, the voice was like granite to his nerves now, it was rougher than the singing cackle of the woman feeding the cats. He shot up, off the chair, straightened his back, stood for minutes in silence his ears turned to the wall behind him, and then slowly lifted himself back down into the chair.

This cat woman wasn't the one flying the red dove. That dove was sent from someone else. Someone he could never get on with, but had to.

He waited to hear this woman's voice, to differentiate. She shuffled around the room, but then left it for the kitchen.

What could he do?

There was a thudding noise, and he sat up straight in the chair. He felt like a cat, pricking it's ears. He heard the boiling water, upset the hob. Then, thumping at his back, thudding noises were hitting the wall behind him.

The rough old voice again.

"Here, here!"

"That old bat 's got no idea, It's decided to shell the town, it's massed someone, some men are gathering. It's going to be really scary."

He opened his eyes wide, back crushing into the seat...

"Smell!!! That's got to be you!! Are you waiting?"

Thumped once, and said:

"If I call out, will they be ready?"

There's no-one ready, I don't know where to go. I don't know where to go from here, and whether to go to you. I don't know.

The red dove rushed out of the wall behind him, and left a giant flash in the room, that blinded him. He hummed, counting his fingers, and squashed further into the cushion.

I kicked softly at a cat purring round my legs, then I stood up, feeling taller than ever. I stuttered and spoke at speed, but did not know what I said. There was a loud sigh, in the wall. I left; I turned my face away from her and took quick strides to the back door. Then I crashed through the long grass, as the night came down, and began to run through the alleyway.

No more thudding, he had a complete list of the other companions to find first, because he was strangely afraid of the cat-lady's neighbour, so he kept a note of where the cat-woman lived, and ignored the thudder, he wanted to go home because he was in shock. That woman was capable. She had done things he couldn't.

The Little Trouble in the Church

He wanted to be sure of how to help himself, dizzy in crowds and crowds, hands in pockets, wretched head down inside his collar, he kicked at gravel, and skitted about the people, kind of hurrying dancing round them, with a large, black grin...then he found an open door, full of good silences.

He found out his own mistake, and his screaming was louder, than talk, and he hit violently, at the silence.

He wanted to burn himself, and burn himself, but just, grab at that something, and twist and learn it, he wanted to learn most of all, but he was predetermined to ignore that man that told him Hope, and crush it, and turn it, and tell it all kinds of evil ways, and fall and fall. And, then, jump up, manically laughing. Then, freeze like wild winds, burnt in ice, and admit repentance, and lie again, and hurt, and hurt the most high.

To soothe not,

He sat on the aisle seat, and stared towards the altar, he bit his thumb, growling, dragging the newly moulting skin off him, in one piece, with his pointing green teeth. He wept to discover a prayer book, delicately placed on the pew shelf, because the book, the object as it was, was happier than he was, some woman had loved it, and left it letters. He drew back at the arrival of a group bored, or people, because the people were stupid and he wanted to tell them so. He growled at them, he was here on a good reason, he wanted to discuss that reason privately. What were these silly people doing here? Forgetting to wash their hands, and standing all over the floor, in their dirty street shoes. It was his last chance, but he wasn't handling it at all. Why should they have kicked up a such dirty storm in this place, and somehow, leave happily, without nasty consequences of having blindly desecrated the show here, and hurt him, brought on with the silent theatre of freedom, and, their dirt boots stood all over the altar, making loud shows of delight, the sound of metal scratching with sharp noises against expensive special things, that can feel it, he can feel it, the narrow cuts biting into his skin, making huge, thick burning wounds, turning the blood, shrieking the catch illness into him, a plague up, in burnt and salted flesh, they got hurt for doing a good thing. I don't dare do a good thing, the attention would make me most upset.

You don't get hurt, people.

Something in these... is just, outright abandoned lazy stupidity.

He didn't mean to...

He was all silly, bending his neck up the aisle, bending it towards the clouds above, grabbing at the gnarled dark centre in the knot of the wood, with it's facial expression of terror, on the back of the pew, in front of him, with desperate eyes, that had to be hidden from these empty minded strange, discoverers, of such a Huge Power, they could only, coo and chase after their children, and mess up the soul of the place with their ignorance.

From the vice of new souls, innocent fools, lucky sheep-like people, would be just as almost as much as evil was.

With no idea of the amount of horror in living.

He fought with a fiery report, that detailed his nonsense, and his failings, which so far, until church, here, had been hidden from them, he knew inside how to speak to the clouds, and the altar, but there was another reason, hurling him into fires of torn up, scatter minded desperation.

So, why should I try to be nice?

He knew, in this last chance, that he had immediately scorned them and buried himself.

He didn't want them, he was here, to tell them he existed, but he didn't want much of anything really, but he sent a challenge, because, because challenges are supposed to be overcome, so, he wanted the company, to that he was even, mad, not absolutely deadly, not a foe, just a mad lack in the brain, the cold stuff, not the hot, that said, kill good company.

The hot stuff wanted to stand up and scream at the altar, and the respect in this church, was directed at the cloud, and he hated it, because it was so patient, to wait for the coming of the white cloud, full of what kind of things?

He wasn't unaware of the angels. He thought, first, that it would be best if they were unaware of him. Something kept burning up at him though, he wanted to hurt them, hurt them more than he had hurt anyone.

Despise...

But he wasn't prepared, for that type of talk they tell you, and then, bury you, because you've wandered, you wander away, thinking, what was that all about then?

He had said that to the God, and his men. What are you? He asked the men, most, he was aware of making a deadly mistake, he wouldn't stop now, he was dogged and dogged. He bit at his fingers, snarling. No reply, no awareness then, because a reply is an answer, replies are a certain expected thing when you ask someone of something, yes, answering correctly is a task, a big task, and I thought they had made a vow.

Make your vow, wisely, and I will make mine, but I see no-one.

No.

He had cursed easily.

He gave himself a way back, always, but, he spit, but scorned again. It was a curse you could pity, because he repeated, I'm sorry, I am sorry, he listed ways they would tell him, but he hated it so much, that he was the one listing all the hopeful ways, so, he tried it again, he swore and spat, just to be sure, that they understood, there was

nothing now, nothing to get a man past what he had just done, no matter how many apologies, he said; "but my death now."

None of it mattered now.

The neighbour downstairs was fighting him again, and everyone else; there was an endless amount of loud cursing, so loud it hit the roof scaring the monster inside the loft, which were probably just mice. He supped tea in the kitchen, as there was a recess for a while. The stomach was sick again though. The highs kept happening, where he spent hours in joy, and then for no reason he would feel hit down, all the way to a depression in the guts, where he just spun in a low, grey upset.

There was a sudden brand new time revolving round the world now, all the emptiness in him had been cut open and spat upon, but now the monsters were withdrawing from life...even the window he hid under from the Battle in the Sky, was just blue with occasional clouds passing by. He kicked at the wooden floor, to check the portals, and the heavy kick found it locked.

Pour into the fire dome, that is your civilization.
Men have come upon us.
Men that know how to hurt,
Something is on us.
We fight and we light.

Where's the bike?
Someone found the bicycle he had hidden in a bush, it was gone. Someone had also put a lot of garbage in front of his door, It sank like dog's mess. Lots of bent beer cans followed down the path. No bike, no light. List number three, find the next companion, walk far out of Town. Wait, being watched. Can't, been caught. Caught by ten men, clasping cans of alcohol, grinning like merry sharks, face of the leader, the neighbor. Against door, no exits. Hum around, pick up trash while they are watching, give it three minutes, go back indoors.

"Oi Mate!"

Colour scan: black...a little light blue that looks cloudy, has a matt finish...bright red.
Oh dear, danger...

Neighbour pushes through the crowd, drops a mess. Growls, and squints, says:

"Mate, you ain't right."

Turns away, and they mill after him, like a sheep herd, following the sheep-dog that just turned them into the locked up pen, then hopped over the fence, wagging its tail mockingly as they all stare at its escape, and have nothing better to do but shove each other around, looking for the best patch of grass...

A new thunder from the monsters, this time there were aliens in my bathroom. Huge, reptilian men, eight foot in height, built like heavy-weight boxers, slow in the head,

something in the head I could see was carnal delight, i.e. It thought of sex, but it's thoughts got no further than this.

There was a look in the brain of thick pinky yellow pus, I could see right through their skulls, well, there was no skull, just the thick keratin of the scales in the skin that held the loose, pussy, liquid parts all together.

I shot a tank through merry street, I was imploring thunder, I sniped at the first window, by the bed, a charging noise of spaceships remained in my ears.

She made help.

I spat on her shoes, with sheer anger, as she scrambled up to the window, where I had parked my old war gun, dressed in scruffy black leather shoes, and a flowery yellow dress, I growled when she got near, I stared into her face, as though my teeth were staring, thick and dirty, I bit at my lips. She shimmered, and left. I pointed my head at the far wall, and it stayed there for sometime, until I realised I was still looking outside the window, where the real lands, were basking in light blue plush clouds, turned like flossy lilac triangles fixed in the design of the pixelated computer sky.

I saw her like a rat, went to station herself at the bathroom door, as she scuttle don her knees and hands through the structure of the building, in the dust and the wooden planks that held everything up. I shot at the sun.

I was weeping so much sweat, I thought hot blood was running down my body, I kicked at myself and bit harder, intent on shooing away the floor underneath the window ledge, which was cracking, I went sniffing at the damp, shuffling and slapping at the dust around me, spitting at the floor, trying to drive something away. I called stop Battle one.

I went for some food, there hadn't been any spaceships for some while. I chewed at things, cross-legged, staring up past the window ledge, at light blue, which was full of a buzzing alarm sound, silent to most normals. Some hear the sound of silence, in the buzzing, like that, a tone, that goes on and on, like a one long sound underneath water, underneath sand, an ever-present drawn out tone.

The day was too hot, the sun made everything look uglier, there was no sound of birds. Birds were dying, they were becoming extinct, they would have to fashion themselves into something new, in order to survive this city, larger wings, and thicker skin, they could up and away, instead of floating around on the streets looking for crumbs, or mites, or like the big evil magpie, silver coins, and shiny jewels, to feed the nest. He had to look for money, this day, of course. Why waste the lighter days?

A bus to the last post. A mad brother in arms floating round the aisle of an almost empty vehicle, except for a woman in a native American wolf t-shirt, a large, rolling

flabby face, an interest in me, fingering her long purple pendant, that she lets go of and it swings with the rattle of the bus, she looks like she is made partly of hell, and I hear a huge shrieking flash of red leathery wings, my brother has it down, he has got it! It crashes down into the floor, and rolls under the wheels and is dead.

My mood is light, I keep turning round to the round woman, but I do not smile. I can't do it. I turn still, and stare at the driver, a wall between us, I avoid the windows. I listen for the sound of thin, flapping leather wings. I tell the driver to keep going fast, he pushes the accelerator, the bus roars forward; he spins the wheel as the flying birds came down at us.

I am heading to the last border, the territory of birds and furry creatures, where I wrestle the last tall, dying and towering bird...pulling it's feathers apart, as it lays on the ground, twisted into itself, put the feather in I find secret lanes, between brushes of foliage towards scrubland where I can talk to lone trees, cut hearts in their bark, catching flowing sap in my hands, cupping my hands round my lips and cawing, drawing my hand over carpets of grass, meeting the den of the creature, burrowed in the side of a ditch, sticking my head into the rabbit's hole looking for companions, going to sleep in mud and water.

"LIGHT AND MAGIC AND FIGHT. They disperse sometimes in absolute fear, there's no chance now of opening the door, the lights forced itself, into you and exploded. The magic is a collection of lights. You can actually form light when you speak, it can appear on your lips when you speak, ask for magic, and it might say no, and it leaves you in haste. It always needs to move, swirling round and round. It's looking for your own single spark, then as the light is sparking on your lips, it bounces off your lips, and says; "That is the day. This is."

You release yourself, from speech, and the light, goes away and flies around the room, you don't exactly attract, it, or repel, sometimes it just doesn't want you, but you are the centre of it, an electrical being. It likes to chime with music, so music and light, bring the magic. It can hang onto your words, or just as soon as, prefer to go. It gives you only one chance, each time. Yet, it often just wants to leave, and go and play, and have free."

The land looked empty to me again.

No milk again. Nothing to think of; got hours of sleep until the next afternoon.

A crashing sound and I blink.

Someone has kicked down the door.

CHAPTER 2:

And all the things that she does for me;

A big, burly brawn slam, into the kettle, it was a boiling tea with no milk, milk was waiting with the meter, turned off with a key, dripping little brimstones melted down

sideboard, peach with a pebbly grey stonewash, I garbled drunkenly, my lace slipped me over the linoleum, they grabbed that knotted lump between my shoulders. My foot kicked by accident, they twisted black arms, I was still standing, Two policeman and a stupid slow one in the doorway, watching slowly, slid along the gap allowed in flats, for two and a cup of tea. Trainers got all dirty in a kettle wash, the whole place came crashing down, the boiling water, slurred and swam, like a separate person across the slippery ground. Don't call it a floor, I afford ground. The main door was all splintered up, and gone into liquidation, like pepper planks and peachy splinters. I rolled round their arms, loose like an eel. Chest hit sharp edge, and lungs balloon and gasp, ribs jotted out, a thick bruise under the skin in the bone, said, I'm back, I'm back, there was a blur, summer rushed through the window, as my head hurled itself across the narrow corridor, tens of notes, orange, littered like rosy honeymoons, were scored with boots their, printed mud. 900 notes all there, and counted and littered over the bedroom floor. They were never returned.

I thought the whole honeymoon was lost. Gone and hidden in the cupboard, she went, when they called the cops.

THE AMBULANCE WAS THEIR MYSTIFYING idea of a secret getaway, no one knew who was inside. It was unavailable, for real work, it was just for me. It felt like clipping some ride to a nightclub. I felt I was knowing for who they would buy the pill It was nice to go out in green and neon yellow.

I wanted to know the importance, and urgency of the situation, I just hummed in the empty van, next to the stretcher, what a strange idea, wasting me a ride, I'm all calm, absolutely tired, what is it about me? I know money is cutting the taximeter, while somewhere someone is dying of heart attack, or fire is in someone, needing black and white. They didn't need to have bothered with me at all. So, I did like the orange fluorescent light, inside the cab with me, I didn't hate anyone here, but wasn't the job meant to be done, to its end, to its median, not skipping by me for no reason, what about all that money you were meant to save, for a day when someone cries out help us?

I was ready to strap myself up in those black stripes. I was so relaxed; I knew I had to do something, because they were watching out the back of their heads. The police followed me in a car, like servants, riding the procession, someone important I felt, jarheads, white wash wall plastic, wasting the money for the ride, big uniform watching over me.

Salford leaped onto his motorbike. Now the cruel had gone, we could really rule. He swerved into the high street, which was scattering people under dark skies, and quiet thankful sleet. Scouting for a presence. The motor rummed against his thighs, he scanned the shop-fronts, and swerved, roaring northwards, when he got to her house, he shut the engine down, and ran up the path, as the door opened.

“Mum!! It’s started!”

The reptile pilot of the Weapon, flew out of my stomach here, moments ago, vomiting, he has just disappeared into the floor....

The drivers whistled and explained me, not themselves, me. It was a long journey, I could tell by bumps in the road, stops, and turns. they were watching me out the back of their heads.

I hate to listen most times, and this time I'm being assured that not listening isn't all that bad. I was glad, because, in bed, the last life for me, the last morning I could stay, in without giving up the fight, without going completely; because, the red light of guns, broke through the wall just above my head, shattering invisible laser darts, silver and transparent, into the room, the machine went through, and shook me, I was screaming and my head was twisting round and round. But the bullets didn't hit me, I was lying closely to the ground, I was stuck in one corner, when the door came down, beneath heavy shoulders, the ship buzzed at their human presence, perhaps it was cleaner, or sure of itself, so the ship buzzed and left the house.

I 'couldn't be bothered' it's impossible for me to want to listen, I would go away, I would not see the glitter gold lights, not the bright stars that smiled, I saw the fires inside them, the white light, the ball of light, that flew through a starry night. They were like people, I had to keep away from people.

Black and steep the road, and blind alleys. My eyes were shut all the way, vaguely aware of the place, where the van will stop. They gave me cauliflower eyes, by accident, it was nobody's edges, a little purple bruise, head caught in their door. Boots that thundered the Weapon away, or along, bruising the aliens or beckoning the Weapon away, the human presence.

Thunder
cloud
as
the
cloud
claps
and
yet
bend
freely
under
THE
anger
of
the

thunder

THE HOSPITAL:

"Hello Jay, You know why you are here?"

"A bit."

"I am doctor Blah, and this is the Angles Ward."

"Okay."

"Okay then! How are you feeling."

"Like a Little Hell."

"Do you have friends?" I asked.

I have no male friends, I no longer have friends, no friends here...."

"Tell me the future of Man!"

"I hate man-kind..."

The light came on.

It was over.

My eye-sight had become worse than I ever realised. I was in tube-light, that bad buzz in the square patched ceiling, it was heavy headache lighting, I groaned and rolled, then someone pulled at my arms, and drop-kicked me into a straight heavy backed chair, to stare, just wait and stare at something in the air, while being aware, they wanted to stare, somewhere around my chest. I got a cup of tea, after some hours, walked round the maze, and found a table, sat mulling, and squinting at the kettle, and the queue holding cups in each hand. This was the break, from the monster. I discovered everything would get boring.

Drugs stifled the movement of the monster, television was loud, full of chirpy voiced women, the whole room was tiny, and I could walk it in seconds. The bright red light was moving around the ceiling shunning chirpiness, peeling back the plastic with burning shields, hovering overhead, just a red light, no voice, no apparition. Always aware, though. It was, for now, just 'there'.

Sunlight was happy. The rooms were merry. Empty people, were, cross-stitching their breaking legs, and heavy bunched posture. They were the ones who wouldn't or rather couldn't speak. Some would speak. I hummed at the table, sipping tea, didn't want to speak, waited it all out, with one eye watching the ceiling, and the walls, and all the fears that kept the humans here, were held up in my little eye, hidden inside me, my protection, my awareness, eyes looking round everywhere, any possibilities.

The people were running, the town's people flew through the main high street, ducking from a rushing terror, a flash of neon blue light taking some of them, crashing into them and knocking them to the ground. They all screamed as one.

My poor little demon. Night time on the ward. A long night time, I was hungry for fun, so I wandered the maze, back and forth. An angel was there, his name was Icarus. He had more opportunities in power-skills than I ever could have. I was a short, heavy, immovable mass of worry, and I did not do what he could, he had power to fly through time. In one second, I caught at in the kitchen, talking at the speed of light, and rushing out of the room, headlong and quick like he had gone from the kitchen, through the common, out somehow! through the locked front door, and back in again, in the time it took me to turn a corner, back inside, from a locked door. Choosing to get out of the building and choosing to come back in. Like, did he disappear to do that? Out 33 seconds he said, and never mentioned what happened, rushing through locked door.

A thing appeared in the door, I could see behind the locked door of the bedrooms, all were sleeping silently. It was a hulk of a half-man, put together like someone I thought I recognised, and holding in his thumb, my little finger! He whispered to my finger, and I thought it would die, go into his mouth, and chewed up, gone for good. He was the one to go though, big dumb grey chunky face, and my finger, held like a prize, in his huge fat hands.

Days in the birch tree, hopping like the pigeon; I'm out the window. Picking with my beak mouth hunting tools, quite a cool pigeon, whistle at the neighbours, and smile from out the windows. Caught me in a net, and dragged me back through the windows, little solid, claws pattering on the plastic, hop, hop, hopping, ate a worm, and shook all the lice out of me, got one hop, two hop, solid, silver grounds, and black levels, I'm on the tree again. Cat I turn, and I bite the bird. Just throwing little crumbs at me, they hauled me in, in the net.

They sat me in the canteen. Two men sat opposite me. I was coked out on various pills, crushed in a yellow liquid in a polystyrene cup, I bit at the cup with my fingers as the sitting went on and on, crushing it and dribbling on the table. I had tea with sugar and milk. My documents weren't correct, they had found no record of me in the computers, and there was no evidence of my existence, not a letter or bill in my home, no passport, nothing. My face felt buzzy and I was very happy.

They had found my cat. It was in a bad state, found weeping in a crevice in the out building of the flats, at the back of the shared pot.

A man on a blue and red bicycle had reported me to the authorities, it was my bike and I had upset it. The neighbour had made it worse, he had been gossiping around the right people, so they had decided I was highly dangerous of mind. The man who stole my bicycle must have been a friend of the neighbour.

"Bastard! Who is this? Which one? Where is there another?"

I had sex, I said.

They replied, there was nothing to do but stay here, until my madness had subsided, and then they would check on me and documents again.

Crashing into the reserves of the populace, even the hospital's men are needed for this war. They are down and after it. Shrapnel of monstrous things, demons flesh, black blood, hidden in vegetables upon the dinner ladies ladle.

The sunset mixed in rain, of when strength was running with a broken umbrella over the head. The chalk in the garden was sticky, and running, gushing caverns cut in with knife, or needle.

It was embroidered, like contours, on maps of wool, so many new caves, opened up, and spewed out fierce rushing water.

I got my foot caught where I remembered the injection, I wasn't in the actual place, but it does, I said, it does look like it, more than anything.

They picked me for the place. The good ones chose me.

They sat me each day in the canteen. I thought it was because I was weak, that I was meant to be carried in like that.

They injected water into my breakfast. Stuck, soggy pills, round the rim of a plastic cup, sugar glass and spirit water...

In overwhelming pain, the self, and the made, fading, but joining possibilities.

Padlocked mugs.

Borderline hands on, inane rivers of tea, an advert made hygiene forms, sleeping sweets of sodomy in the arms of saints.

The cat purred.

The over each other squealing prostitutes stopped and followed the neighbours wire. They walked at once, both of them, they go screeching and up to the cats, along the fence.

The prostitutes followed the cats, at once up and over the neighbours, one of each to the fence over the wire, both to the fence to face each other.

Then squealing they walked, the cats prostitutes screeching at the other stopped, and, along the one fence they followed each other's cats.

They the prostitutes up over the wire, screeching them both, squealing at the other neighbours who walked to stop.

Outside my fences, next door.

I made my bed, and folded tomorrow's clothes and placed them on the hard sliding floor. I took a depot injection like saintly sleep.

I folded my arms, under the rotting, thin blanket, and tuned into fire, and sighed and checked every cubicle, and remained in silence, and sighed in clear welcoming sleep.

My eyes blinked, for no reason, and looked around the dark dormitory and thought of other things, when I could not see the place.

How to mask everything. Answer each question or die. There were stolen things in the place. It was a wonder, that I had been months, but the area was huge, it was big enough for a war, where patience always succeeded. It was a less frightening place inside. I had an outside.

Ten messages were coming in that someone had failed, I wasn't succeeding in anything. The frightening thing would come back, and I would wander the place in silence, unless I had to call out.

The thing with people is silence. They bow out of life. SO, why see the other lives? I had to look like I had no other life. Safe.

A broken red meadow. Wondering what was in this. I was in East Well.

I stood looking out of the windows that lined one side of the dormitory, like, film shows, silver screens caught in grey frames, I was alone. I was smoking inside the building. I bent my head sometimes, underneath the open window, because there was just a small gap to let air in, and stop anything else. Sometimes, I grabbed at the screws in the sides, when I wanted most of all to destroy something, or to say something, about lock-ups and unfairness to unscrew or dislodge them, was quiet fun. A demon dog used to run under the windows across a drain that connected rooms, it was bright orange and black like a Rottweiler.

Rostra is here. Rostra is the man apparition around whom all things revolve, all things synch. All things try. He is a unGod, he is a little man spinning on the managerial chair. He has stoutness, unused lazy types of awareness around the revolving of the spinner chair. Chairman of fortitude, boss ; stiffness of the mind though. He is apparent in the doctor, of course. Of course, he is, he is the little Hedonism inside the little banging, tapping truncheon, hit, upon smaller people. Emotional people.

Foul things and fair things. White hazels, and little bags of women, working for big bags of types of cast in iron men.

Hateful little bastard.

Big black chair. Unfair, unfair.

How did you that? Take a woman, take a woman? Stations and trailing bow necklaces, sworn to roll round fighting white pearls, step on the train of a long dress, catch them, foot in heel, cut into drain, bury armies and bring women down the lanes towards fortune, then cut their train, and have little rags and mercy-workers, little forlorn women hiding fire, working for nurses, or tigers, or faraway bells, of Eastern places, like cutting down paths with machetes, pleading white women, cut shorn, and dandy, hiding in rushes, holding onto pearl topped walnut whirled canes, bending and bowing, down, down and nod, and yay, and nod. And run away, all working out of Rostra's band. Hide things, and tremble, cut a lemon, find me there, swirling lemon silk trailers, sheets of printed black paper, cut out in curves of paper dolls, two oranges, quietness of the mind.

I have a wary way in me. Those beautiful women are. Working for that man.

Pricked.

My neck got pricked.

I grinned and bowed before the doctor like a dwarfed gurning angry patience. Then I felt the metal again. A cold methodical prick, this time. Got all the way into my jugular, brought blue cold wind into my blood.

A map out of the Arena. Think of a square corridor running into various types of rooms, as it does it's circuit, and just one entrance/exit, running a little of the square, into a larger triangular shaped room, where there is a bench to sit on at the end. There is a fan in the wall, making a regular whirring noise. There are offices in some of the rooms running round the triangle. There is the proper exit to the right, a constant electric door, that opens and closes, with authorisation of a security guard. But he is not an opponent, except when he has a bit part, of, being the unwitting fool who brought the monster back to life, using just some bad comment towards a friend, but also towards me, where I sit on the ground smoking in his view, some rude observation which the monster enjoys, and I can't understand, as I hear globing noises, flatulence, the reforming of another evil.

If you can kill It, they said.

It was making me brittle.

The Whore had somehow discovered telephones. Outside It spoke on a fence, sounding like It had use of a walkie-talkie. It was tiring and boring. Someone suggested throwing bombs. Because my mind was so wrecked by ways of destroying, I took the advice. Silly clouds of noise and colour, shot out all over the places in the sky I hoped to find it.

When a hit got it, there was silence.
For a minute; silence.

Then, back it was, with endless mad talk that was actually making crazier than me. It was shaking it's own foundations with the amount of chat, it spoke English, but it was cracking in itself, it couldn't understand the words it spoke, just went on and on, breaking apart, whatever it's mind was, contradicting itself, agreeing with the most silly things it had discovered.

What a stupid thing.

A House Party at 1971.

About how the world went Funk.

They are all smoking down there.
Not different, a good day.

I'm seated in faint guitar instrumentals, holding a rolled cigarette, the sparkly white dust on the beds..

It's a prettier high that I want again and again.

It was a sleepy lover, instrumental music, gold and orange sun in curtains of black. No-one outside, no one ever. Just one.

I'm drawing images; from images I see in shadows, in the whorls of woodwork, in dirty splatters on walls, on myopic faraway details, on spillages, on messy paints on walls...and I keep finding monsters...a dog like dragon standing on a pig like beast...a 'sky monster' like a huge bat with scaly skin and many wings.

some 'fairy blobs with snaky bodies and human heads' which appeared on the dried milk running down my mirror...

Now I forget why I am smiling.

I hated not having a garden. The patio outside the home, It was so trapped up, you would get angry. Everyone smoking on the benches, was equally angry. I hated angry people. I stood, humming round the outskirt, caging the fences, of which the gate was

closed and padlocked, and the top of the fence had barbs. A small fence. Rain came down to prepare the death of the leaves into being the keeper of the new trees, by smudging them thickly down, with the rain and our steps crushing the mud as they fell on us, making a rich and lush fertilizer.

Good behavior.

There are Martians all over town. I have a Thursday breakout, so I go walking into town, I can see Martians, the regular American Martian types, walking in unison through the high-street. They shimmer like a broken television picture, white smoke, grey shaking pixels.

There are three types, they all look the same, big head, big eyes, the eyes are black, white, or dark blue.

Mine says I'm Dumb. It ruins my life. It's a hissy, squeaking kid. It's a miserable fat old woman.

They possessed soul, cruelly, they made thoughts. The black ones were fiery, the whites were really just the same as the blacks. I saw them everywhere, big eyes of ghosts in crowds of people. They stick; they stay in your body. The black ones were thought to be evil, but the white ones were too...so I looked at one, and it turned blue, just in its eyes. Crowds and crowds of Martians, astonishing that no-one knew they were already here, just invaders of a different kind. Meeting Martians in my room, and turning them blue. They had already been here for decades. They wanted to write cruel. They made men think it was Satan to Him.

Destroying Martians: I destroyed them by staring back, just as intently as them, but with more fire, than their empty stare...so, I banished hundreds. Then, I couldn't be bothered, I forgot about it. Fascist thoughts. The blues are psychotic, "What should I love?" they think...but then they can't get past that thought. So they stare into other humans, and make them a little dead. When they stare, they want to get in, and when humans don't look anywhere, easy, they are easier to take, they go about in the human, the way the human chooses to go about. Except the choice is being small like an atom is small, controlled.

But the atom is controlled by the smallest parts. So controlling all the smallest parts of the human is what the Martian will do. Now, they are small. Martians have big ideas about life and control. But, they like to move slow. They like to slow the human down, they wait to destroy the inside, but not too much, because, now, they are the inside. They will individually live in a human until death. What's the...?

It's punishing. What did they do to Earth?

A long white finger stroked the edge of a tray, held by a girl in a blue t-shirt with a company logo across her chest. She held up a tray of tiny cups of espresso, and

walked towards me. I lifted my hand, and then stopped, a finger pushed into one of the cups and I pushed the door of the café and wandered in.

The day was Thursday.

Pill days. Some mad invisible companion, wishing more and more of the 'love drug'. She got the precise drug, somehow, didn't live in a place where they called it ecstasy, or whatever it was. Just bought up some ghost bags, and tried all ways to surprise me. Which meant, I didn't know why I was crashing skywards, in a headache panic, until I saw white fingers hover over a teacup. Damn, she even did it on a Thursday, to an espresso sample, held out on a tray, of which I just walked by, and let settle.

The Father of the Son. They brought in someone new today. I saw a little bearded black face, pushing up, shaking, disappearing underneath the office window, and back again, a little musky unclear picture of grey-blue eyes above a little black beard, a bit of light brown skin. Who said, something in a tin whistle accent;

"Lion's syrup!"

"A proper real, voice!"

"I forgot what you said!"

"Leave! I hate you!"

Expected the Jay-Monster is keeping his ideas of going at me. Wandered back to the kitchen to make tea...The continuous bright burning red glow in the ceiling has gone. Pushing me, has an effect, on me, I don't push back. I don't enjoy the state of things. I just go through it, I expect It gets bored if I'm silent.

If it can think now, I think I deleted It's 'think'. It's doing nothing to no-one.

Not one person here worries or sees It. Even when I sit in the evening with the old lady, and I'm terrified and It's around me, and I try to speak to her, she remains in her corner of the sofa, jamming up digestives with strawberry jam, eating up the whole packet of biscuits, watching soap operas. I'm sure she is always safe, of course.

The guy was white, with black bits, previously I was brown, with particular muscles, and more black.

I was wearing a black jumper...

The Shiska Man brought us through the tunnel corridor, past the canteen, into an open door with one sofa chair and a table. He sat on his knees on the thin old grey carpet. He beckoned to us by waving his hand, but keeping his eyes straight ahead. He grinned under his dark beard, and his teeth were thin little white-grey points, messed up by the fuzzy curl of his moustache, and blood red gums. There was a huge crucifix on the wall opposite. He looked up at me, and struck his left hand quickly against his

left shoulder.

"Black magic against Black."

Then he rambled:

"What can I be? A liar!"

"First we fight. We have to seek ourselves, and bring a strange hatred, which is; to fight what blackens angels."

"We birth a strange paradise, thoughts are fixed, we reward or hurt ourselves. "

I wiggled my ears, and listened to where-ever the Shiska Man could be. I heard a scream, and saw a man fall to his knees.

I believed, that. But I repeated again and again what had happened to Heaven.

And women cried, and I screamed, and I leapt, and I knifed, and I ran, and I stopped.

And the Fear was:

That every death is soul, most men lie, he twists into your mind, dirt and hisses. his dead-soul cackles, he gets freedom when they're worse, he has killed freedom. He laughs at Haloes, with spits and curses. He blues a witch, but burns her pretty hair, twists in fell, and claps back to me, when he is at the most of his hate. He wears the dirt. He bleeds fairer. He licks ugly. Tastes Satan. He burns happy. He drives...he spat. He cursed. He blacks your wife like he is special. He winks, he fights her. He gets through to her in her mind, and he makes her weep. She prays for help. I curse. I curse Heaven, and I'm mindless, I'm blanker, I'm no lover. I'm weaker. There is no protect her.

A girl called Tracy appeared, and said let's be friends.

On Thursday; Tracey escaped through the front door with me, and I asked why. We bumped into Alan (the Shiska Man) at the main entrance which meant, he could get her out of the building which had a secret code on the automatic door, because he had a level up on both of us, which means the security guard was used to him going outside, and he slid the doors open for us three.

They joined me on the walk to the High-street, where I liked to grab a coffee and take time to think in the new world.

Tracy was there, bringing love to me, she liked to be my companion, lots of the time when I didn't even want her to be, but she was an endless nice pretty, cuddly, big apparition. Cuddling her there inside a complete strong physical bond, cuddly mass that couldn't ever be ignored, even when I tried to. But she was appreciated. She was a large girl, and a bit of a bad-girl. She thought that she used to have been a prostitute, and had bonked a famous singer, he did it badly, frumpily, hit up in a corner,

and....done! I didn't expect any less of him. I never used to like him. She was perhaps a few years younger than me. I was and am always, about 23.

Shishka was walking along with us, in his long thin frame.

Tracy decided to take us to her visit her mates. They had a little flat, round the corner from the shopping centre, we can drink vodka. I was frightened, but Alan the Shiskaman thought it was a grand idea.

"Commendable, commendable."

He uttered questions, as he strolled along, hands in pockets, or hands imploring us to think, thin white grey palms towards the sky;

"Where to give? What? Where can I give to?"

Strange that we've been dragged out of some old place, and it's remerged like some old time. , we never knew.

Indistinctly, I felt it. As we walked through the people, I felt eyes from nowhere on us. Quickly, Shiska marched towards the people, he grabbed the face of one girl, and tried to kiss. I was aware of a black flash across her eyes.

The Martians clicked together as one and surrounded us. Criminal slattern looks in the high-street and there it is. Troubles flying, unaccounted absentees, poverty and then all the speeches from all those girls.

Shiska was held in the air, struggling and choking. The girl's hand was round his neck and her skinny arm held him up. He looked like peace slowly dying. I skip over my own feet and collapsed.

Tracy looked round, and asked me where the Shiskaman had gone. I gasped; when hundreds of people marched towards us. She was sulking and walked ahead. A hundred white eyes flashed, and Shiska was dropped and heavily hit the ground. Tracy said, buy me some cigarettes.

=====

FLATMATE; WHAT YOU DONT SAY TO PEOPLE;

They are not really sure why, because maybe, no one is sure of anything.

We said small hi's as we collected ourselves, and walked into the couples flat. Shiska had recovered and blindly followed Tracy to this destination. We took seats, as chosen. We shook no hands, but took the sofa. There was rolling, and exchanging of papers, and tobacco. They had some grass. I rolled quick, and lit up. Smoke filled the deep brown room, old curtains covered the door. The girl looked like a war. The girl's sat down on the sofas. There was a long silent interval. Everyone was silent, I gasped like a wide mouse, I saw a ghost hand tickle my tongue

I stared again at the table. Tea had been served. The ghost of a girl had pointed a thin, bony finger into my teacup.

She had learned about the Love Drug. She wanted me to love. So, she collected the little posies, bought them off the factory, and now I should drink.

I couldn't count. I counted she had done it 9 times in one day, that time when I finally worked out, what had been happening to me... Oh gosh!

"I'm trying to find the raver", said a tall blind half negro woman in the common room.

A shock had him broken, I saw the husband, wait with an ear at his door, as a guard dog would to protect the entrance.

He looks as though he is always withering into his self, quiet and polite. I swayed and floated away from the live girl, shut my eyes...sensors aware of Shiskman chatting, sensors of relief, that I could just float ...wait...relieve my sensor...leave the place...enjoy a quick moment of rising joy, and Shiska-man says;

"We have the most wonderful belief, the fear of God, the joy of forever..."

"We can. Count. On Him. I have the belief, it is, that all will be well. "

I yawned, round black cat mouth. Then, I broke, so I hummed, and sucked in bunches of knots; I kept the joint to my fingers. Guiltily kept it, worry hanging there from my lips, smirking, cutting, cutting up, worrying. What's the business? When will the men arrive? Cake, cake, cake. What if the men give me a Fate? What is being hidden here, why is there more fear? An hour went?

"What's the point, mate?" The husband asks, cracked thin tanned elbows, leaning on his knees, his fiddling fingers between his legs.

"Praise be to God who sometimes still makes us die!"

Rolled cigarettes are passed round. Oh, what is surprise? A cat. I am a bear, bowling bags of peat brown damp useless hash, trashing the backyard, all done with you, go home, gentle giant flinging violent furry claws at tin cans, throwing compost all over the yard.

The husband got up, swiftly, I jumped in my tiny bones, it was shaking my hand, the one curled round a cigarette. He walked across the little dark brown room. He stood with his back to an old brown bookshelf, he just stood there, no, no, I was frantic surprise at a brand new challenge, I chugged the smoke, and kicked, kicked my foot, stubbed my toe. He was a silent man, though. I saw his frozen, pity strong in the white, clean shirt on his back, magic solider in a dark blue baseball cap. A man of the castle. A quiet man, good for plenty, sharing plenty, giving plenty, until we had

cleaned out all that he had, with his sigh, so he would gather it all back, and share again. How to object against the man, I loved him.

He stood back, and like a shrugging tired pony with a long bowed neck, walked over to the table, picked something up, and sat beside the Shiskaman, my sight was framed and square, I stared at a little plastic grey and white hi-fi, stereo, hovering in a square of space, bright against the dark all around, it was a Japanese box, a kitten boy, it shouted at me in a squeaky voice;

"I am little like you! What is it to like you!"

Then loud, too loud, heavy, heavy, bad bass began the drumming, screechy high treble bass, perhaps the buttons were all confused, set wrong, or just forgotten. No one seemed to care. Shiskman sparked up a little more, even more.

"Oh! What a noise! I like it!"

The tunes were all anonymous garage music records, rubbish, all happiness and simple lyrics, bad simple lyrics, a high treble hit, everyone forgets the words, just to be sure, it was wonderful, it was low relief from aggression wonderful, mine and yours, my poison or theirs, if you didn't like it at all, you never, never said so, be polite in company. It was always so depressing. I was a mad character in Martian cages. Frightened if exception was going to be given all over taste.

We gave in to it. What the fuck are you doing to my pill, lady? I can't take anymore, I'm not high, I am put into a mind-state of plastic happiness, shot upwards like a man in a cannon, no choice about any of this, horrible chalk taste on my tongue. One more, one more, and I'll...please, miss, I'm feeling down, a forced high is just a down. So...

Tracy opened the bottle of coke, and it went "kassssh" and I erupted a giggle, and no one even stared. The vodka was little pointless challenges, shot glasses were lined, then we all queued up, waiting for the smooth flow of the water into the shots, and the shots were placed in a diagram around the little rusted scratched old dark brown coffee table. There was a broken TV, no aliens.

Miserable conversations, because the room made everyone so quiet. And with Billy, he got up to do everything and he went to sit down, to nothing and everyone sorta carried on their thoughts around his actions, and especially his silences. Some are trained to respect a man completely, and to let him do all that 'he' expects, not what they suppose. They guess that's it's all for the good. Because he is good. So the rest of us were glad to do nothing. I could relax, because I liked him, he didn't ask me to though, and he most probably didn't expect me to. He sat on the left side, of the ripped sofa, hands between his knees, leaning forwards staring at the ground, solemn but friendly, a patient man, sometimes he turned his face towards me, and I was scared, because his rough, dirty face was so quietly full of mystifying questions, and adjunctions to weep together about something he expressed. There's all the pain in there somewhere, but it's so quiet, you want it out a little, you want to be his girl, my! His presence is like a majestic young duke of a duty inside a lonely dark room, and one lovely quiet, simple little mistress.

Throw open the blind!

Shiska man was special, no alcohol, but then he surprised me, by taking a toke on the joint I passed by accident in front of his face. He sparked;

"That it was, that it was...Jay! How are you?"

She had happy eyes, but she shouldn't have had.

The dark room was full of Billy becoming misery, so, it was my conclusion that the girl was his misery, that one who jibed and hit against his calm walls, with fire-misery, and lack misery, anger and all that lack, stuffed in the back of sofas, given a starlight spin, when a ring-pull on a can cut free and fizzed quick stars...

I don't know, I don't know...why be happy, in a day-to-day tear out? When you blink your eyes, once an hour, counting shit-time down to the seconds it takes to roll a spliff, or the misery, of realising, these have been all your days, making spliffs for weeks, in a room for just two, two aren't speaking anymore except for taking turns to make a cup of tea. Or blue, suffragettes, should have stopped pilling, full of all the poor burdens of being men, or this man, the silent boyfriend, bringing in pals who are cold, old men, street benches of old drinking men. Quick luck, and a warm place to spin.

She should have been trouble. I guess I wanted to start being trouble, to say that, in life, trouble against everyone. She didn't 'fit'. I was angry, about my expectations. I told people, what they were as was what they were to be, only one to be, that as if they can't be that, what? What are you? What should I think you are? Why aren't you what we need to be? How come I don't know. How come I don't want you, unless you are what you are meant to be?

I'm aware of the coldness of the room, cold like I mean, cold emotion, cold like the colour of the room, dark, weird, gloomy. I see Jumping. One obstacle. Tracy, as Shiska dribbles, sweating phlegm all over his beard, and chasing Elizabeth, Tracy cuts a circle of 8 around them, bashing her wobbling flesh up against Eliza, all the while being completely ignored. He is really high;

"I love you!! I love you! He sings, in-between croaky cackling from Eliza, she spills her coke and vodka on the carpet. Billy is just silent, hands rested like an old woman on his lap. He won't defend his home against us, or he won't dare to upset.

Because he loves you. Does he have to love you, why would he do that? What kind of life is this for love?

Shiska is fine, until. Click. He goes off. Begins to make ridiculous jittery thumping movements, and chokes deeply inside his throat, he bawls, both hands up, palms upwards, to the sky, he weeps, and steps back a few places, hitting up at the coffee table, in the tiny room, he grasps for her blindly, she giggles, then I see her face, from the sofa, behind a chunk of cotton clothing, her cheeks are a new red, blushing peach in thick broken capillaries, and her eyes stare like happy shock into his, and she sticks to staring, dark brown eyes widened, stuck to widened, she is frozen on floor, and her right arm gestures to him like sovereign love, and her glass goes to him, his khaki coloured shirt has sweat marks spaced oddly in large dots over

his back, he chokes and gobbles, she gives him her glass in charity, he steps back one step, knocking the table and shaking everything on it, Ned quietly holds his hand at the table's edge, Shiska man is rising both hands into sky, then he thrusts forward, she shakes tiny like a thin wind shaken new tree, with no leaves, just shaking arms, drops the glass on the rug.

He is weeping insanely. He rotates on the spot arms in air, clockwise, his tongue is stuck out, but loose and floppy, he makes a 360-degree spin, on steady black leather shoes. Faces her again, when she looks into his face she giggles. He has thick, gummy phlegm in his orange beard. He steps forward.

Then everything speeds up. I see a flash of black flit like a fly across the dusky light.

He roars like an animal, and lunges for her, her little tree attacked, is breaking, shattering, then, he giggles, and she is bent up inside herself, but she looks sideways at him, and laughs, like a shine in the glass. He grabs at her, and she play wrestles him. Something is wrong, though. What can he do, that none of us know?

He is animalistic. He grabs the girl and shoves her forwards, while she steels herself against his belly, still laughing and stepping back and then forwards. He pushes her into the bedroom. He shuts the door on us.

Tracy is fallen on the floor, shaking, the music stops just then.

I am suddenly, madly drumming my hands on the table. The husband is staring blankly at the floor.

==

A laugh like a sparkling glass of wine, fills our room.

Ten more hours there, ten thousand floating spectres of Martians and no one relaxing. So quiet though, Billy drumming his feet on the dull carpet, the rest of us sprawled out messes. Shishka man oddly quiet, sat in the furthest corner, legs crossed. Bad silence. There's a spasm of light, and the beautiful girl keeps lighting then putting out matches. I am swimming round, heading off Martians, I have ten shot down in minutes, all my eyes working, just my eyes, guns of light shooting out spectres fleeing through the walls, from wall a quick shimmer then ten thousand more in the wall behind. We are surrounded. Shiska gets up, mulling, hands in pockets, face in his chest, swiftly he goes into the master bedroom.

The fire ran up the doorframe of the bedroom...inside the bed flew a wavy flag of flame, catching lilac in the light reflecting off the duvet DNA the walls, the wave of fire grew high and caught at the curtains...the two of them stepped out quickly.

American dust face woman, that's what she is! I see a knife push the blade in the shoulder...

Some of the Martian began to fall, they toppled over like loosened bags of sticks, and grabbed at Shiska's shoe. They took them right off.

A mad pony went laughing through the walls of the room flashing from one place to the next. It simmered like walking bacon when it hit our sofa, where the flames were

crashing now. Marijuana all burnt up, leaves gushing a spirit smell throughout the whole building now.

I fell to the floor, as Billy did, and we crawl all the way to the exit. The girls were spinning, they were both grasping at each other, pulling at clothes, in a swirling light of orange and yellow gas.

The loafer's picked themselves up, lifted by the Martians, who bowed and bowed and snag a low strong song. They hit deep bass, the voice looking so different, to the thin, lizard skin appearance.

The dragon room.

We walk all the way home in silence.

====

I hummed at the hard floor and said; yes, yes, yes. He woke me in the middle of the night. The needle went in him. So unlucky I should turn to blue.

He never knew. I hummed and almost kissed...

It wasn't a good day to be taken.

We were hoping to gather as many as possible. He got what was too late for some. I hit by book with my knife, tap tap tap, and said; aliens are here.

Then the work was getting closer and closer, so I went to sleep. All those millions leaving the tower of babel, to go walking all over the place to nowhere.

When I saw, a face turn up into a huge yellow cloud, and scream..." I went to bed. I lay on the bed, with my black coat and it's wide collar, up to my eyes, and drum my fingers, silently praying the shock, by sort of humming and relaxing...drumming little quiet rhythms. I had heard him; **"got to keep moving"**

There are 30 people dead, yet no one has realised, that is, hypnotising civilians is out of our jurisdiction, they, just, don't know. The carry on shopping and kissing as though the Town was free.

The aliens are impossible to make contact with, read; highly dangerous, secretive, and unable to understand human language.

The noise of all the monsters got so loud, the entire hospital was overcome, but still people watched soap operas, ate their biscuits, made their tea.

It had hired gigantic men, with black muscles, and strangely hats on their heads,

which must have been a curse, taken and brought upside down, from whatever fellow liked to wear his hats, that was the mad thing. They carried huge weapons, yellow trident forks, and they threshed the ones dying on the floor, into pits full of screaming bodies.

But when they found me, charges of the bulky, slow things, did nothing but appear in my sight. It was a long, long war, coloured in red, black and yellow, like some kind of cartoon film.

It was patience that was learning.

I was meeting residences of Hell. Men waiting, half invisible, chained to the walls of the ward. It was someone I couldn't see.

The government is sure to repel wisdom. Staid, men, in law absolute, their minds absolute, better than supposition or opinion, or real live sight, eyesight. Look at a load of fat man, wonder, afterwards if the fat men leak and wreak words to overcome our obstacle. I hate the old fat pigs.

Being shot by a clone of bright red chest, muscle, thin skin and myself. Doesn't give a moments peace. Snarls at me, has my face, but a mad haircut, some little black tail. More handsome than me. Purely, evil. Silent anger.

The Jay man can zip from place to place at a high speed.

A witness. The only who seems to realised what's happened, could not give a concise description. She thinks those men did it. Babbling inconcise phrases.

Avoiding the tridents in each journey, now, the wall directly lining my bed has opened.

A young woman holds a struggling rat in her hands. I know what she wants to do with it, all I can do, is get up and down continually from the bed. She wants to stick it in me somehow. I end up sleeping under the window away from the wall. I stay until I know the dawn will destroy me. The cawing of black birds brings the grey haze of death over the whole grey building.

I have stayed awake so long I have died. I have entered a new line of existence, that of the death of the day and complete empty, lost, dying hopeless time.

I need to sing more and more, but I'm at the end of my life. The grey sky doesn't dissipate; the crows constantly ring out the day of my death.

I destroyed our all Joy.

It gave a bleak moment in time, the time it takes for a thought, to choose itself, or to betray itself, and die in each fragments of time, the split in the mind, the part where all joy just stopped, we were aware of the crash, but body had mind, and the body hadn't stopped, we choose a frozen black lake, where we checked on the Ultimate Mind, where we crashed through suggestions towards his Mind, where we rotted in lack of answers, and body carried, Morse code and semaphore in little chosen moments of thought, the parts we coldly barely speak, the little, questions we gave up on because there were no answers, where the black lake had frozen, we supposed to crash into our own swords, and the morlock man go on and on with sick, strange to believe, suggestions that the Ultimate had given us up to them, because his Ultimate Mind, was small to them, smaller than their first hungry monkey-like serpentine tongues, licking down mind and soul, until we could see the end of our own earthly life, and crash on sword, and weep less and less, because it all got a strange disconnection now there was no one left to listen to us, so, we always expected a reply, which never became, and we heard the evil men over and over again. We knew every trick, it was each of them taking the next, taking each other, for something called detest, a deadly way of giving each other worms and stools, and fail fall...

I have a smoke in the 3-inch gap of the window, and go out to carry on a daily routine.

Suspect men, a gross man, lower than the low he knew of, what was the Ultimate. A rule and law fixed upon the lowest skies, fitting the clouds, with curses, and jibes. That we were low amongst the lowest, there was no more thought that day, when we crashed. We all fell down. The hate-man remained, barked at own low lack in anything called life. He was my murderer among many murders. He was so unattainable, with words, I was choking, the faun had supplanted us. It was sick, bilge inducing, vomit, dead, empty rotten flesh, made inside thought. It, had thought, it thought kill any low man upon the sea of the Ultimate. There was no Love, here, there never was there never will be. We are the law, we kill the Ultimate. It was names of men I knew, all sodding flesh men. All the eyes upon, me, made up my brand new thought. It sucked out my eyes, and stirred in the forming of new ones, just so it could, slip in, fork me, bury me, and I sat patient, in the thought of the Ultimate, as I lowest upon the low, I agreed, could no longer find him in the little water upon the little cloud, rushing through, drains and sinking into mud. All my Ultimate, denied me, as I fell upon the ground, and crashed in refusal, to care, or to move, or to fight, to roll upon the floor, meek and unheard, my fell crashed down the Plan, I was forsake the forsaken, and the first murder was against the mind of the crowd, of the fall, of the feared, and the gone, and the gone, all the good that disappeared, and the dirty man sat upon the throne, all brought down, and a higher scream flitted, unheard by the causes of the man, I was sure, of the politician, and of his plan, I was sure he was just a day to day man, and had caught a big prize.

But he was writing a plan he formed to go forever, even if it was a bad, stupid form, at best bad, worse, unawareness of his own self, which was the awareness of every self.

So I wondered about him, and how he rose to the platform, holding onto the same plan, blocks and blocks, in a jigsaw pattern leading up to the platform. Being the main plan, all the same.

I wanted to know how, -----the unheard of, and the main man, with his old plan, which was one day to work and to work the next day, to grow upwards with that old plan, to work day by day stuck in the plan that got monstrous as the plan got higher,

that contained the nation I wanted to own, but it was taken from me by the man who wanted to have looked like he worked day by day

I asked him, "What did you want to go to??? Why did you work for this Plan, every single day, lying to yourself and all of us, working honestly to keep to this strange damned plan, when me, I would just abandon out of all my honesty. "

Why do I know working for that plan is; madness. Madness in a suit.

To stick to it, to pretend. To kill in it.

The screaming shook nothing mortal, it shook nothing, all immortals were contained in the plan of the One, all present prostrated and called upon the One. All of them accepted.

But we weren't going upwards, we weren't even moving.
All clean and removed and caring and deified, and all the men, again all the men, lied.

And so I couldn't, fight him in little word, my seconds had killed me, anymore talk, I am weary, blood billowed round skulls, and monkeys picked up the words, and the monkeys, shucked and curses, swore, and burned, but all hung together, in the rumpus, the bilge, the dirt, the dirty paws, and the rutting, and the carcasses, food, and when no shit left to eat, the human food, and when no blood to fate, the semen food, and the black dirt food, and the rutting red bosom, the dirty floor, the maggot, the termite, the killer, shutting up the temple, burning on its floor. All sacred like blood.

All sacred and unhurt, like mud, and teeth, spikes and teds, and thrills, and word after word, I heard their every word.

Thyme burned hat found a king, and my all minutes were waiting, all my time, was spent connecting to the Ultimate, then hiding from him, under a tree in a storm, in rain and bitter cold, and burning carcasses, fed upon by monkeys. I gave tears, or swords, but they were all clinging like rot to the doors.

I lost my sword, because the Ultimate said so to me. I lost my sword, I sent it to the lot, I sent it to the budget fund, it was wrapped around tape, and lost inside paper-money basements, it was auctioned for the lost and paid a damn heavy price. It was fallen the sword, I was evergreen mostly, depressed and illuminated by first one process, that of the burning inner charms of molecular clashes, where conversations were pitiful in the needy times of fear, talk is short and taxed on illumination, to bring the common misery of reaction to common modem fixed heads, not minds, of I say Hello, and I say low, I say Hell, we speak no, no we speak, we don't try to illuminate, we like to speak the record straight, and all of those who lack, sought to bring down on us all, the real type, the real live lack in everyday being. So, I slung the sword,

depression got through first, its atom crawl, spin, stuck jiving atoms, beaming brown particles the virus, struck stone, stuck disease in quicker blood, that streamed round us like fire, so depression first and always. What I mean is, depression affected everything, into me, for me, to me, but don't call it a catalyst, just a small primitive ache of the mind, casting fires, really, not clouds, big fires against blind tales, and burst atoms screaming through dimensions, all and overcome, and tired red forms, in crushing tape, cut sellotape shapes, crunchy and dirtied, bleeding out the stick stuff, the connection weaker, rolling, round and round, in fragment forms dirty sellotape, thick black tape, wrapped round my face and head, pulling out sticky hair, fail

Could a woman only scream, or war?

She can not see. They said, burn the effigy. Shit covered men, all shit cover words. So much word, I've sunk down into burning sand. And I've hit shells at the doors, because hate monkeys batter them down. All is gone. Only talk works, for thrills, and it works, because monkey have faces and teeth, words are smarting, they are bigger than us, they said the Ultimate was old man who would hurt me more, a disused car-park for disused souls. Dirty forms, fag burns...

Black burn will come, and black sword.

The boy-men, they say the burn man will form. And my higher girl, where does my higher girl form, all failed men of war, terror to existence, all brought nothing.

Fire upon Hell...go and put the kettle on.

Mad events in this mid-size Town. Reports of horrific happenings. Some civilians have been rehomed. War is upon us.

CHAPTER THREE (3)

Dead ones can speak to me, because I am dead too. Weighty heavy steel pinchers broke through my neck artery. You can count it three times in different periods. I woke up suddenly in the drug the young ghost woman had held to my neck with a sharp needle. Time wasn't shifting, exactly, but it was breaking me through awareness into a mad sleep that was quick and thick with lightening and such new mists of time that turned about and hit at each other, and span quicker than light, and jittered, cut at each other, hit seconds so swiftly, that even the ground that held me moved as another part of the time punching itself, against itself, pushing with such force, space span out of orbit, jittered and kicked. Then the ground stopped moving, and the sharp sting just stayed, like a scratch turning into a scar, slow, bunching my blood together slightly, clotting slightly, and sure, at the same slow speed as the earth turned round the sun.

Pick it up, pick the vinyl record. Want to snap at it. Look at the record, a tiny scratch, another scratch, white lightening across the diameter of the complete record. When it flips, upwards like it can move itself, turns itself over and around. It holds time, which is written in fragments, seconds, even smaller seconds, minutes, and then, our accepted hours. Forget about the days. It carries dimensions, as it flips, and sets into the block, called the turntable, time records, what the flip caught, and plays the entire hold written on the record, as it had moved itself out of the block, the set time log of the turntable.

The scratches are, cut above, or cracking the song, the songs are fixed, they are, things that happened, events.

The drug cut the vinyl deeply.

The record being able to flip itself into the air, and land on the turntable, keeping on side A to side A.

It makes, a recording of the event that fit it in time. It touches other circles, for example, if they were all set together as 8 9 joining circles, like the diagram of a seed of life.

They carry a most important key, called light.

The circles spin individually, and together. What they pass through is;

The inner circle is a control centre. It spins the arms of life, second after millisecond. What the arms do is scatter points of stars, they regulate the power. The outer circles pick this up, and move them forwards and onward, when the points hit the first circle, at the top as in diagram, which can be called the first part of time, or the past, it surges the power over, hits the next circles which carries the surge on and on. So that, a past event, can repeat itself, or rather, become an exact occurrences further down the line. It carries speech, like a conversation or something. The drug was the spinning arms of magic. It flung me though with silence, to another point in time, and also space. So, I lived in two different places. Felt two events, on two worlds. Made a word, one word, carry itself through history, to change things.

I said, yes, to a girl, it made many say yes. To her.

It was a drug called, eshga. The drug barons, called fly to planet earth, pick men, transport, by injecting eshga, and let them see through two places. It flung me around, and forward.

The scratch on the record would kinda make the record of time scream. It was the cut that cursed the event. It jittered each circle, and soared forwards, faster and faster, a hit through dimensions, was beaten into the track, cutting at the inner spinners of life. Sucking up some of their plan, making a surge stronger and stronger as itself, the cut. Little point in the inner circle, were little yes's, in light, they screamed in the scratch, and flung me forwards, round and

around, the cut, that had dug up a crazy evil, event, going on and on. So far into the future, it came into the past. It was what we couldn't discard. We could clean time, by erasing bad events, like wiping a record with soapy water. And good time would spin. The songs were indelible basic shapes of space and time, curling round and round. eternal, indelible,

Television let us enter the past.

We were fine, with no effects, until the circle was cut and bled with screaming.

So, eight worlds//parts, of time, were joined together, at the start, one life, in the inner place, (circle) which was the past, present future. Changing colour, which was emotion.

People cut in on us. They carry a new event.

Mine was carried by the drug, I called eshga, which magically, put me into a single circle spinning, hitting the past, on edge, hitting the future, going round in a clockwise direction, so past, then, moves into the future, as the future is closer to the past if contained in the circumference of a circle, no start no beginning or a quarter cut up, from the centre, which give a big chunk, with a middle point, holding a big event.

So with a little start, it happened again and again. What happened was the drug pushed me into a spinner hitting the centre circle, edge hitting it carrying it to the next, with added power.

(help)

I made dance music.

It was happening, eight circles on edge, happened eight times then...Eight consecutive, joined Time periods, with same events, meant a repetition of the one big event. in different spaces, or places.

What if she span in another circle, that could cut mine, to bring me messages?

I'm not going in a straight line; doors are opened by someone, psychical mass of movement, shuts it opens the next, to get through the Circle, that is Space.

The Circle of moving time is in an arena of space. It becomes our time. Because we can move about from room to room, in a house to a garden, moving through space.

I stop and start, when I need to think. I have one thought, I cut me in a new thought, or a repeating thought, which is worry. Does thought move time?

I wait and wait; I sit on a lonely chair, and wait and wait. I can move the chair. If I want to. It makes a spark, to 'choose' to do something, and especially something new. I wanted to hold New, so I brought it a spark, which ate up a chunk of the circle, called moving time. Stuck and scratched the circle.

A spinning clock has twelve hands, six o'clock arms hit twelve o'clock.

entered light...

CIRCLE part 30 What if the record starts to melt? and bend all ways?

A joss stick flying a flame, under the vinyl, slow methodic destruction, parts of love interests, disinterested lovers. It fizzles and drips.

How time leaves me, flies away ...I'm trapped in my own construction, it is a room with a broken television, I do watch it sometimes, then I hit it, and it breaks, I have a sofa, I have joss sticks.

When you want to put on your makeup, and be a man, you are trying. Very trying. beat beat me, the beat is faster than me. I'm slowly burning. Flames scatter like silk, the carpet bleeds out, seeping black circles like oil spilling, little bit, little bit. Oh baby!

Now I'm so angry with all the time I've been waiting.

I start to bend little ciggies, in lines, scattered round the giant ashtray. Re-roll.

I've worked I'm hatred at the Party, the big mad banging party took me, I got a man, a fellah, I got unemployed. Me and Helen have our arms wrapped round each other, bendy legs, spilling out all over the floor, mad formation of limbs, arms bent in strange ways, holding each other up, and bending, up and down, all falling over the floor.

The record will curve itself in 3 dimensions. Time will be played on it, as though it has split and been torn apart. It will be time pulled about all ways. Events will;

Lift up and lift space with it. It will be become, time as space. The 'event's now, are All Time, are flowing through a mess of curving changing formats. The centre, the origin, is relaxing and pulling downwards, concentric circles, drawn in the main circle, keep paths, bend, keep an event in orbit, but the space around it is time. Time has become the atmosphere, around the bending, melting twisting circles, so Space 'events' instead of time 'events'.

Space events forming, catching one concentric outline, the straight lines are circular. It gets digital the vinyl, there are blips, jumps, an event jump jump

jumps, it is a smaller type of Time, that rolls around the orbit of all those inner circular lines in the main circle. So, it goes upwards, blip, blip, jump, jump, smaller points of 'event's as even, then, the main circle spins. Time goes round and round, back to the past, the future past, the present revolving. The point of origin goes up each blip, to the next concentric line, points of speech perhaps.

=====

Bang bang the middle goes, expanding forever, never imploding

until; the record melts and the circle all of them, twist turn, twist turn, in space-time. Not a 'big crunch' but a never ending explosion, more and more prime centre origin points, repeated from the original time-scheme-

They are Doppelgangers, copies, of the first set of circles, spinning around a centre circle, the flower of life diagram, now the bracket system, has repeated its core seed of life position.

But the events are different, the brackets position of the seed and flower of life as a living diagrams, are the same, but the events, the true events that twist time, by moving in space, change constantly, always slightly different to the basic form of the circle-bracket.

The bending is inside the Background, called Space. And called Time, simply, it can be called either space or time, we move about in both of these combined, now we are out of the spinning brackets, the bigger mass of Space Time is the stuff that remains all around like the air, but the clock, is the spinning vinyl, with its concentric circles as a bracket, now, it is melting inside Large Space, and Time, space-time atmosphere, really, a bigger space. With all the little points, like the light origin middle circle, and the events, pull things, all round, there is a set time in the brackets until the brackets, flux and bend and melt in the bigger space, a different neutral large, mass of air...time lines are held in the circles.

It is the stuff, in the round vinyl record, that mixes and change effects of time-travel. It merely melts and flays around in a bigger Space, a static type of space. What happens in this space, when a 'big' event occurs, enough to melt the circle it travels in?

====An oblique line, turning through parts of time, back and forth, up and down, round and round, round and straight, diagonally and sideways.

The spectrum of colour, infra-red to ultra-violet. The spectrum of noise. Infrared big Bass, Ultra-violet, my screaming, high-pitched noise.

Chunks in the pie, are Light, they are different, colours, which means different kinds of light. One chunk, revolving and passing through eight circles, round and round the centre, sometimes they hit, themselves. They are chunks of 'events. events are

What happens when I do something, say something and make a decision, it is a commitment. I hold to an event. All this was a mad event, but it wasn't really me.

I'm crashing, wave after wave, into an inner soul, that touches arms like soft feathers. Changing the nature of the event, the one event, going forward in time, back to the past, the first future, JUST before the first present, the past, as it is. on a line. A round line. NOW, the other lines are a few breaks apart from each other. What if someone shot me off my orbit, and the sky went melt crazy, and the screams of high shocking light, twisted up the entire circle, shooting it off orbit, in the big matter mass of nothing, but always Time; Time itself. And?

And it's rocked the whole path, by throwing skywards, backwards, all parts of the past and present in a madness of melting vinyl.

Shooting light, twisting me on a heavy ride, spinning in nowhere, off the track, weeping into the origin as it sinks under pressure, bursting the circular world line, like explosions, lifting up universe.

Flinging my life, and my event out of typical time, which is odd anyway, bringing big tsunamis of shock, will it settle after the scream?

What does a broken time-line, event do?

An event is a particle?

A one point on a large rotation, with contours, now that the concentric circles have been twisted about, a rushing point particle, out of control, jumping over each line, spinning in an unknown direction, what does it do to the whole event called life?

The chunk of event-light in the circle is bursting; it's a big chunk containing things that happen, conversations listed, up, bigger event, a true-life event, rather than one little point event, a dot.

So, two kinds of event in Time. The chunks that overlap, I mean, they need to look bigger, to understand.

The chunk doesn't exist in the same place. The dot is a thought.

When it hits a part of the next circle, or the overlap of the inner circle, it moves forward on A; dizzy, but on an easy line, a rotational line, touches the other circle at certain points and It gives something to it, or takes something to the next part of the travel.

. .the same place Everyday I sat in

Gary was full of snogs, he said Hip!

"Baby, are we straight?"

I said, too straight, and leaned forward slightly as though to bow...So, it's cool.

"There's something mad in you, it makes me nuts..." he said.

Sometimes he would sit away from me, so, he would nod his head, hold up his chin and then roll his head slightly, one side to the other, as though he were posing like a model, or agreeing with his own thoughts or those of invisible beautiful women that he refused to possess, because he was in spite of himself.. And he did look model. He grew a beard that was kept neatly trimmed. He was so full of only him, and carried a type of high regard for his own character, allowing in other characters. as they are; they are on old greasy sofas; as I enter the cloudy room, the stiff unmoving clouds of grey smoke, are sometimes holding full of happy little shining silver sprinkles that say hello, reminding me that it's daytime...

..they greet me, not, no way, they are not to, not to brandish weapons, not to care, not to see, not to hate

What I've been together too ' But we. respect is owed to me,As I show respect for him he can lead an ",throw back/throw to" The respect is like a game, a game of '.long , take it to rights because I'm mostly silent with him, he has a wonderful argument dirty 'fane' face, long hair as is; cut from temples...."

I don't listen...I don't listen to the words of gods.

"I don't now, no not now. OK..."

I tried to help him, I did mostly all of the things I did, for him. Well, no, with him in mind. I don't do much these days. I hardly eat. I spend my time carving the word 'Allah' into melons, eggplants, potatoes, and the insides of fish. I even carve the name into hard-boiled eggs and little baked beans, that is a hard job; I use a small needle for that purpose. I transport these items of food across the world, preserved for believers to see. It is an incredibly time consuming job, I spend most of my money on different types of preservatives, experimenting to find which preservative is the best for worldwide transportation. Often, evidence comes back to me to show my work has not been in vain.

The wind had been coming down hard, crying across the windshield in the dark blue light, past hedges and fields of tired looking horses, abandoned gravel sites, old caravans, a church spire. I had a funny feeling in my stomach,

when we got to the pawn shop, I felt dizzy, we were all standing there looking at a beaten old drum kit, hurry, hurry, I thought I need to be somewhere else, I need to go. The shop workers crowded round in front of the wall of televisions, working lives spent between grey walls, and a love song rang through my head.

=====

Little things are like flesh, the writing of notes, is like flesh. The habits are disgusting.

They just sit together in a room and look at me silently...wait to examine us...pass joints, and bongs. When we appear do they not attempt to speak, do they?

as they are; they are on old greasy sofas; as I enter the cloudy room, the stiff unmoving clouds of grey smoke, are sometimes holding full of happy little shining silver sprinkles that say hello, reminding me that it's daytime.....they greet me, not, no way, they are not to, not to brandish weapons, not to care, not to see, not to hate...

What I've been together too ' But we. respect is owed to me,As I show respect for him he can lead an ",throw back/throw to" The respect is like a game, a game of '.long , take it to rights because I'm mostly silent with him, he has a wonderful argument dirty 'fane' face, long hair as is; cut from temples...."

I'm like an old teacher reading to a class of children; I'm sober; Sure I am. I had learned how to speak simply and politely. "How are you?" I am well, thank you. "Are you having fun?" I think;

"what is cool?"

" (blacks are cool) "

"Why do you think being with the blacks is cool?"

We have 50 minutes to go.

The aliens are circling our earth.

We call for recognition of alien-life. We call for immediate evacuation

Something has happened;

**I'm getting awful headaches...I'm a bit in tears...I'm
questioning, leaving, questioning, leaving**

I mumbled, the words I mumbled were odd.
consciousness, death of love

too many drugs and party.. I need to sky down

**"I am dead...I Love...I am dead..." and thought, that's mine,
and then, nastily with eyes like God**

"A multiple brain, a force into a woman, I force her to woman,
then a formation back "She will have you Mad..."

And:

"This is God? This is God? She will have me mad???"

The men get too near, and bang! in white light, they are out the door, still spinning round...I played a note, each note went higher, the party ended on a note,
we had little money by this time I won't get a break. "What do I say to you now?" The house I'm in is made for smoking, I can't manage fast walks anymore

he smelled, he thought dead, and now his brain has fried, he is mentally disabled. The fire worked, he has burned for mistaking
Love. He hate girl. He sick.

This God, let me rest in His lap. Then he said;

"He gets sick, and it's clicky little chuckling."

The Car;

The room was full of metal. I slumped off the bed, and said 'I'm tired'.

There was a note beside the bed. I read the first line, and said: It's me... This is him. The third line, I stared at the lines and circles. I rolled up every single, word or action he had made, took up his keys, and began travelling north, I walked across the land, but I tore the earth apart, and could go no further,.

I went outside to sleep by the sea.

I took flight, past sleeping bodies, through the junkyard of a garden, down the little rough path, to the edge of the alley, got in the little dark blue car, and checked for signals. I held the wheel, smoked the joint, and checked all the buttons, I stuck the key in the ignition. I held the wheel and stared into the black. And wept. More than I have ever cried before. It began being clear, that I was in more, than driving out of the alley, having never driven a car, and being caught, perhaps bashing the thing into a wall, driving badly, making a mess of everything.

I see white letters, then I see burnt letters.

This morning I am in the car, by the alleyway, the sun is out, I didn't realise the weather, cos I stuck my self back inside, and stayed out for the nights. Ten weeks, that's all, early seasons in 1971.

Even Helen has gone now, so. I don't care, she always has somewhere to go.

The science of the car, green button, huge and square, glowing and taking up all notice. Green means go. Ten new weird buttons at bottom of science car, on the black dashboard, tiny rectangular, black, plastic keys, at bottom of dashboard. Yellow, Red then blue, almost as scientific as green, Green is special, green means go. I am rosy and full of summer. Science to go.

Frostbite comes through the windows, that's because the old cold of winter, is starting to be pushed out by the heat in the air, it grabs upwards into spring, the air does, it gets the cold, and sucks it dry, so the cold goes through the air in little sparks that were lifted from under the thin skin of the ground, and fits inside the air as it begins to disperse. So, the air is a little frosty. Where the birds sing, they wait too, birds wait to sing for summer, so their song hangs in the air, often it stops completely when the dogs next door bark.

If I couldn't light the way. How I...right, memory still, isn't really

Emptiness, where you sit down upon a chair all alone, isn't actual empty space, because you are inside yourself. Low groaning thoughts, even flickering emotions. Just no speech or words.

There cannot be two different places.... at the same time, small vision NO.

Numbers, fit each of us with a number...correlate, picking number, speed of thought

; You're weak, weak, weaker in the other time."

How does he freeze/?

A house with no music, passing by time because it has a special angle, sharp like diagonal, spins upside upon itself, cuts into vinyl, spins round the deck, flips up and over itself, into new circles. Breaks itself up into square, or fallen planets, or trebled rhythms in sound, stairways break down, triangles switch round the clock, they bite at edges, the five minutes spells five days, lack of sound in time, I can always be cut down in one minute.

+++++

; You're weak, weak, weaker in the other time."

How does he freeze/?

"Why is she leaving?" Eugene stares at boyfriend, hand in air, dropping ash on floor.

The car is moving have a brittle feeling. If the car moves and turns somewhere a star implodes, that's why I'm stuck fast.

Never switched green. Green switches On.

Inside the car is magic, but he hasn't changed the outer part of the car. Now, the dashboard has all these funny buttons, square coloured buttons, lights behind them. The dashboard is black, everything around me is black. I light up.

I need to discover all of it. Learn how these new buttons work.

The car is my time machine.

I sit and worry. Then I leave the car.

Another new night. Life is the same.

Right, on the passenger side. On the dashboard, 10 square light buttons, One large red, and one large green, at the top and below those, two rows of smaller square buttons, in lines of 4, yellow, green, blue, red. These are all below, a round dial, with arrows and numbers, like a compass, or a calendar, ordinarily, one large, gear stick, just beside the steering wheel. Around these, more and more functions depending on how and when I look at the dashboard. One regular steering wheel, one regular ignition, ordinary pedals, brake, and accelerator. I haven't done this before, I've driven this car, three or a few more or less times. I certainly haven't driven a time-machine before.

I have been wide awake and smoking marijuana for five days. Time spins out of control. I know Time. I know the book.

I am frying everyone who said dead. I am ready to go. I will go away, telling no-one. I am in a time-machine. It's a beautiful little car, it used to be. I liked riding in it. I liked the wind flying through my hair, the music on the radio.

Bummer. I can't leave yet. I get out and go to bed, catching a little part of the time I lost, by sleeping, days, and smoking, all the nights.

It is not infinite, and it is.

It's an axis, of already written laws. The records are stuck in their turntables, the points holding space breaking up light in all 9 sets.

Something good sang, and cut itself into the record. Except it was a scratch.

I press one button, pick one flower. I have done something with, not consequences, but real affirmation of energy. It is big energy, to kill a flower, or to press the trigger of a gun. So carry it all times, bashing into other times. Sending a message through the world, that hums as it turns, hits the loud symphonic crash of the arms of life, inside. And beats a path into the past, and then the future that occurred some close moment before the past happened. (lets call the happenings, seconds.)

Years later, I flew into the past, of a huge event.

I am just a little scratch passing through the gigantic Universe. Lets see how.

There is a separation between two points, even if they look completely locked together and joined, they are meant to exist with some kind of interval in-between, just so as to distinguish what has happened, what will happen, or merely, to know the point of the event occurring in time, we need to look at it as a specific point, WE need to know, the start of its light-up point, and its end, perhaps it is contained in a huge chunk of the circle pie, or is just one dot, along the circumference, still, there are always gaps between points in the time, the events.

An event on the first circle, will be passed onto the next circle, and so on, at the precise time the event hits the inner arms inside the centre circle. It seeps into the next circle like liquid, taking up an amount of space/time, for example, a five minute break will occur, in the exact part of the circle that joins the next...the big chunk will be out of the rest of the circle which is 'regular time'...the chunk 'event', is spinning the exact event, over and over again, causing it to make 'different ' things/events, even though it

Doesn't change its basic happening.

By the fifth circle, it has risen again and again from the powerful energy centre point of the inner circle. Little points of the arms of life, spark different 'ideas/requests' and the 'chunk of the event' says yes or it says no, or it says maybe.

If there is just one centre point of an event, which is a word, it goes round and round the circumference of the first circle, bleeds into the next, and stretches and grows, into many points, all invisible, along the circumference, sparking when hitting the edge of another circle, when it hits at an individual arm in the middle, centre, it;

sparks light. Light could be thought. A 'yes!'.

Those circumference points remain eternal, they cannot be shaken off. There is something in-between them, though and it is called another interval.

But the scratches on the vinyl, are the giant eruptions of events! The abrasions of time, stamped on Time, flying Space bang into Time, cutting at events, stuck on the outer dimensions of the seed of life diagram itself, above and beyond. Ever-present bombs against flowing Time, going round and round with it, causing noise, and blindness, loud screeching noise.

Caught just above Time. Not indelible, but difficult to overcome. Bashing forms of thought against the Eternal.

Records get hit at and rock events, as they are events. As a hit or eruption or explosion against events, driven inside the chunk of the pie, of which 'event chunk' they try to embellish with screams, they try to delete the 'event' or cut away at the event made of gathered up thought or conversation.

It has made me weep, and it has made me get in a car and drive away.
God the DJ, changes records, stops them, flips them backwards.

Say all the circles are moving together clockwise direction; bring the chunk of events, one event, as big as 1/16th of a pie,

Then I saw more.

The Universe grows, and the seed of life, flowers, becoming like the diagram called the flower of life; it is an image of expanding time and space. Bringing the gift of growth. Every little point, grows and grows, the events are repeated and repeated, it can form in thought, which is the realm of space and time, the seed of space-time, is the inner mind. Events shaped by mind which makes action, or scratches, with scratches like primal instinct, like murder instinct, are grown inside an eternal glowing, flickering Eye called the mind.

So, we joined souls with other in the Universe, time's rolling circles, becoming, one after another, a blip

in expanding, flowers, sideways bursting, clinging to each other, rolling round like a kaleidoscope, repeating and turning the same event after event, bursting flowers, gushing from the eye of the centre world, to make more worlds on one side, on the next side, on the circular sides. Pocket universes grabbing the main centre, repetition, of the seed of

life, becoming a seed of life, hanging at its edges, bringing creation of universes again and again, all looking the same, only the colours, the events, change.

====

Well, the sting in my neck was obvious, again. That joy for no reason, and then the hate, and the crash inside my guts. I was feeling silly, most times, barely noticed the blip, the flicker in the air, that forced me through a space door. But, all I wanted was my space-girl. It just unbalanced me, must have kept me in an imbalance for years of normal, human time, that's why I could see other things there, would be a half-decade, of mad, insane tripping-out.

"NO, NO, NO! NOT YOU..." she wrestled him, and he cackled, he threw himself around in her grip. "No, no, what are you doing?" He swore, and threw himself into her, forcing her push. She tripped on a stair, and drew back. He spat at her, and turned, struggling drunkenly to the top of the stairs. She shoved herself upwards, running at him. He fell. She grabbed his shirt, and pushed into him. She pulled at him. He wheezed and sat down on the top stair. She passed him, turned, and got him in her grip. She embraced him. The knife in her hand drew itself across his neck, she cut into his throat. He gasped and collapsed. She stopped, staring as his body sagged and stopped moving. She laughed with a tiny part of panic, said; "You bully me, you bully me." And quietly moved backwards down the steps.

====

In this one night in the car, I heard someone coming for me, I didn't know how many of them or what they would do, so, well, I was calm, I switched off all the glowing square buttons, which put my whole plan and all my experiments back to zero. I sat and listened, expecting more fright than would really be coming, as the stolen bhang-cigarette was burning too quickly down to my fingers, because of course it was more tobacco than anything cool, being discovered with too much drag would look like I'm cheating him out of respect. So, I listened with such a wide intense feeling of the end, I held it further away, and trying to catch a voice, I remained, as I; to **run**.

I heard a flurry of kicked about dirt, gasps, collapsed boots, collapsing junk, something metallic hitting stone with a ring, sound of a spinning light song, sighs, heavy gasps, coming closer, and then an angelic laugh. And the passenger door behind me opened loudly, and a mess of arms and long legs got themselves settled, all with a loud ringing song of laughter. Then a scuff, husky, quiet voice;

"He kept beating me down, and I've killed him"

I broke completely, holding myself back on to the chair strongly, with, huge sobbing, tears, rolling down my face, my shaking body.

Make men mean and we have no God, let them see and there will be no God...they will deride, being mean...

Impossible to make science. My thoughts are in misery. I'm trying to discover what's left. I'm still in the car, and the car is still in its parking space. The car won't respond.

She led me by the hand, back up the narrow path, with walls against the high grass. I trod on something and tripped. I looked from the bathroom light, shining gently across us, and looked downwards, there was a small orange sliver of light, that flickered in the dark. I reached down, and brushed my fingers across the object, felt something wet and cold. It was a knife, quite a large long kitchen knife. I started to cry again.

CHAPTER FOUR (4)

Time to make friends, I just drift around the edge. Now apart from the old man trying to moony at the nurse, there's made chat, there's madder people coming in as guests from outside. All kinds of odd tales about Town.

I had an odder tale, to be told of first. I sat in the common room, watching the tv, then, there was always the damn television when I couldn't bear to exist.

I encountered them first on a Television in the other room of the hospital ward. The voice was squeaky, and electrical fuzz, like a computerised voice. I imagined them, with whiskers, I saw them wearing baker-boy hats, and metal braces around their teeth, very straight-set teeth...

I knew the language, they started with how they were through with anything, and how they were going to destroy.

The next part of the Television radio, played, a monsters voice, a reptile, a huge dinosaur thing that could speak...: it greeted me with:

"Man-dead..." Humans were 'man-dead'...the reptiles were in their spaceship, and had caught site of planet Earth...they were going to arrive very soon. So, looking at of the window, smoking, looking at where building works were taking place over an empty field, and the smoke of the morgue near by, and the tiny windows containing very sick people, I devised a way to destroy the; Vors-hag (dab-aliens)...someone called Davey and some immigrants had been burned up in front of a crowd in the street. Then, Mum, was 'getting sight.' A nurse whispered in my ear, your depot will be soon, go and wait in the dorm.

I lay down on the bed, fire, fire could be created by even a human mind, if centred on pure hate, destroy many at once with a rushing fireball through the corridors of the spaceship. I dreamt of forming atoms.

I will not wash, 10 weeks; will have bought me ten months. No wash, no out. No order in you, no well in you. Don't tell me you are scared of water. No, no, no. Hopes create secret worlds. Seven pills she put in seven coffees. I had a permanent taste of fizzy chalk on my tongue, so then, I gave up sugar.

THERAPY:

The therapist knocked quietly on my door, like a girl, and nodded, with a small little head with a pretty little screwy face, like wide round cats and a stuffed up smile, not quite sure of how to approach me.

She swung a loose handle of a shoulder bag round her arm, And crushed it into the slippery tile floor, and then she sat down, crossing up her little legs somehow.

"Hallo, Jay!"

A huge orange cat, striped with grains of wood, with hot knots and splinter claws rushed out somehow from the middle of her squashed up smiling lips.

The cat schooled for approximately two hours,

The time was on a black arm of a white circle, the cat said;

"So it was."

---PART TWO OF THE THERAPIST;

Full mourning, for depth of shutters closing down the sun, in the set down of the time of the sun.

The day ended.

I tipped off a small butt end of a roll up, wizen tar brown tip, on the lips, syrup dark on the lips,

I lit up inside the dorm. The cat curled as I became crueller, stared as it twirled and span and ribbon fell, colours of the insides, the inner body colours, a shut in smile, twirled round tips of fur and looked at me and smiled like a girl.

Tipped me hundreds of comments in the night of the hour of the life that fall.

Down and down and down, pure lawful smile.

The clock felt thunder in the dark night, and crashed off the wall, and span helpless for the last lost hours.

Tedious a better sore sight of what the time is as time is all the time in one level triangle corridor, all the nurses got dragged through claw matches of both we have claws, the ginger cat came rushing in;

"Out out out!!"

"I wanted to GET OUT!!! Now?? What are you about!???"

When I wanted to shine a light, like the therapist had said to me for so many hours, to do that, shine a light, as she told me sitting down beside my bed all the long time into the night, and then when gone, and left, I told the rest that I agreed with the therapist they had sent, and agreed with them as well, as they must have sent her for that precise reason of shining light. But, they wanted it lower than shine, they wanted me to be exactly incumbent upon them, in a terror way, why listen to that reason in that woman? So, I developed a laughter. It was to half, knock back their shine, paddle whip it, and be my own shine, by showing I was happy, and I wasn't happy, but I had laughter. They were not happy to see me happy, they wanted to see me wash and shower. That would be the way to escape. Perhaps boredom was madness. I didn't like anyone in the ward, at all, it was good muscle and weapon, to just burst into laughter, and grin at brother.

Going in dreamy rest, like a heavy pill put in the head, she dribbled gooey spit.

Which is the part of the event that will affect history/the future?

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4. Beats. Answer like Pi: 3.3696969696 and on, in thirds?

REPEATS

NULL intervals photon travelling across the path. Circles, spinning photons/

Hanging on the threads, of the spider-web network of Time.

This is how the particles, which are our doings, specifically, what we form in a period of time, if only an opinion, or says something to knock time, or rather just want to enter time, this is how these compressed particles called an Event, travel round Time, which is Space.

Full of places like Space.

Rolls one way then back, or falls off, and hits a new thread. One big pinball machine.

Can buzz so much for itself, that it can actually direct where it wants to go. I can gather up time and space. The conductor, like pinball, has purpose.

The room was full of metal. I slumped off the bed, and said 'I'm tired'.

There was a note beside the bed. I read the first line, and said: It's me... This is him. The third line, I stared at the lines and circles. I rolled up every single, word or action he had made, took up his keys, and began travelling north, I walked across the land, but I tore the earth apart, and could go no further,.

I went outside to sleep by the sea.

I took flight, past sleeping bodies, through the junkyard of a garden, down the little rough path, to the edge of the alley, got in the little dark blue car, and checked for signals. I held the wheel, smoked the joint, and checked all the buttons, I stuck the key in the ignition. I held the wheel and stared into the black. And wept. More than I have ever cried before. It began being clear, that I was in more, than driving out of the alley, having never driven a car, and being caught, perhaps bashing the thing into a wall, driving badly, making a mess of everything.

I see white letters, then I see burnt letters.

This morning I am in the car, by the alleyway, the sun is out, I didn't realise the weather, cos I stuck my self back inside, and stayed out for the nights. Ten weeks, that's all, early seasons in 1971.

Even Helen has gone now, so. I don't care, she always has somewhere to go.

The science of the car, green button, huge and square, glowing and taking up all notice. Green means go. Ten new weird buttons at bottom of science car, on the black dashboard, tiny rectangular, black, plastic keys, at bottom of dashboard. Yellow, Red then blue, almost as scientific as green, Green is special, green means go. I am rosy and full of summer. Science to go.

She picked a thought-experiment...it was an experiment on Helen.

To bring. The body had been dealt with easily. It merely picked itself up, as the morning began, and rusty red-gold light was shimmering through every window, from its crumpled black beetle pile, and slid itself, knock, knock, knock down the stairs, as Helen's staring mouth opened and a cackled head went down, bent up, a trembling arm held out, grasping for the way out, heading into the morning sunshine.

Helen had nicked the compost out of the tramp's pocket as he slept. The body wasn't checked. She didn't know what it was. There was some stash in his pocket so she

wanted it. Morning light was headier. Anyway, the old git had died and been redirected and has helped itself up and out.

Merry, merry, merry mornings!

I smoked merrier this time. I smoked with a cup of tea. Everything had left, I felt more than okay, and I wanted to kiss.

We're inside; we're inside the building. We are making out a path, from the centre of the control building. We are leading the men, of the universe. We are making the framework of something called control, using set objects. Obstruction and no deliberation.

We've burst the universe, with so much of our movements, it's compressed into a inverted little bang, and fizzled down slowly, it's last parts destroyed dying embers, and now we've died, too, and got nothing but a terrible tiredness in our lives.

Our minds hurt so much, because of the noise of the universe. The control almost burst, the building got flattened. We put every part of the machine into one room, we packed up the motions, inside the machines, the parts that spun and burred, we put all these weapons back into cardboard flat-packs, and tidied up the house. What we are doing, we are doing. But how we are doing, isn't set logically together. We unpack, repack, we put little tools into little toys. We build up the control centre. Then, we break apart the toys. But, we control. We packed up all the evidence, and kept it under the sofa, to, then, once more, bring it all out and restart.

But we've broken and destroyed, again and again, so no more control, we do it by punching the machines, burning the tools. Then we tidy it and put it all away. No one knows what is happening to the world here. We nearly destroyed it. We are, blindly repacking, putting our things away. That's how repackaging comes from re-instating objects, into boxes and boxes. We use the tools like no one else. We open them up, and we decide when to close them away. Our minds are not functioning with reason, they are mechanic, they obey, an empty physicality, so they pack up and pack away.

The steps of the physical tools called our endless whirring brains, are blind, like the blindness of a movement a limb, quick up and down of a hand, carrying Time with a fast version of Space, version of fingers speed typing to move along the Time mode of thought.

. We are here, with no other thoughts, but with a function-energy that moves us to fold objects up or to fold them down, to be a group of operatives, that pack and pack away.

No boredom at all, and more fun distractions all because of Helen that tell me, to think so-so. what.

So I entertain her.

I pull at her, I tug at her, I throw her on the bed, she squirms around squealing and crawls under the bed, I throw my head over the edge, and laugh with her. Ten joints share together, until midnight. No more thinking. He's working late.

So no more death in the sense of passing time.

The world is forming, through the shapes, speaking, and turning, it is fighting, each mark, creates an organic form that flows through 8 portals, through the portals, the lines throw shapes, it is a growing mass of objects that storm through each other, speeding into the next form. This creates 2 worlds...

Every man looks like a bear today.

They look plain. They are inane.

A spook-like presence, bad signs in bad show of flesh and speech,
they look plainer like any boy.

They are worse than the serpents, they are sagging bears.

Swinging from trees...drinking all tea.

When she had gone from me...

I saw all time vanish, I sang up to the balcony.

The balcony was empty, the balcony crashed down as I called to her, the loss of all the best time cut through me, sharp like an exploding bomb crashing black marks of umbrella shrapnel, gushing down at once into water.

With me gone for all time, some of the black marks fading, like salted rivers, I was without her for good, I lost the ways of the straight arrow track, I stood still.

I started to cry like a girl, and I ran away from her, wailing, into the opposite direction...

I got tired by the rush of all time shattering, so, after all the weeping fed the waters,

my losing legs crashed about, and I found my cave, and I wrapped myself up inside the sandy hollow.

I had times others didn't understand to deal with when I woke up after my loss, such a long time, no one could understand it.

Town Wars:

how to get away from the struggle.

It was most stupid to light a way, that could be a way for myself, and a sort of abuse and use for every other person.

People that think they listen are often the most droll. Those of the two who do not like to be interrupted, worse when more than the plural conversation, and we all scream in business meetings at once.

'
and no damn mention of it, because its not laziness, I just cant move around sound. Especially people sound, I ran.

The struggle is in the kitchen.

I cant bear them.

I tried talking again but I shook and ran off around the corner into a broken fire exit. There was a fire coming from somewhere up above the sun, a rushing roar of man dead, battalion of ships built by slaves, thorning down, message one on television. Ten million above earth circling somewhere at the edge of our atmosphere. DAMN! does no one listen to anything? what is wrong with your ears, why cant you hear It like me?

You only have one now.

What you have gone to, where you did it to, what we knew it would do. How can we have all gone away?

I must have fallen through the floor, I woke up, in a cage, and like a lift it flew down walls made of pink and yellow slime, a carnal slime, enter into the unwanted dimension. Get up away, to the tearoom, into the kitchen...why are these eyes so light?

Why is a TV, even there?

Where are your voices, where are your eyes. Trapped in traffic of noise, lost in lost bodies in lost thoughts, in no man's lands for your own eyes, look at everyone else's eyes, bring nothing but do what you want.

I was quiet, but I was running, I was running away from something I should have liked and couldn't. I slept by the side of the road, yawning soft then loud, soft and small then wide and then roar. Then sleep. And no more.

The Photograph.

I was an alien. I was a soukie alien, cutting the fallen down broomsticks of old hags in power, of the gender matter, it is one, matter of stick, or split, they said; not, you look mine, I look yours, I had to be a gender. I was caught, as caught in the flesh, receiving interjections, held in by, made by all the stars, which as flesh was all sucked down into rules of gravity first, then sight second, then thought, and then ...

I was put together by a few small things. I was curled up, boxed in, made of little spots of flesh and skin, glued together easily, made of particles, when you are going, get smaller and smaller, be masked up, stitched when you split, took together by three instant, basic all-over things.

I was in atoms of indecision, hit down by protons of gossiping, lacklustre old women full of keen interjections like they were the knowing, and i was the flowing, flying spinning electrons of childish joys assuming, assuming what I couldn't see, was the headier part of my life, the important part of living for me they sad, I as forgetting joy, inside all my trials, unappealing stagnation upped by mocha choc fame herd babe rods. Find 'another'...

Source of womanhood.

===

Jay went to the little shelf in the common room, that held scrabble, chess, jigsaw puzzles, a small amount of books. He picked up the one that interested him the most, it was a tatty science fiction novel, called *Away From This Planet*. He held it up in the air, as though it was a holy relic, in a snapped small wrist, rolling his head around, like he was repelling a slow fly that constantly buzzed close around him. He was also doing this because part of him became attuned to fear, and worry, he felt overcrowded by his current self, and the people he had joined in this situation, so that he was feeling this in his mannerisms, he looked, physically handicapped almost. These movements were kind of gentle and silent.

He often stood bent and hunched up, unable to make eye contact; he wasn't always like that, but these peculiarities were random. Sometimes he was loud and happy. He had now, a kind of gentle silent, manner, that was feeling handicapped by people around him. He was getting frightened by life, and, he knew, he had turned a bit. Or what, you said, effeminate.

Then, he noisily flipped through the book, and caught a thick piece of paper in-between the pages.

It was an old photograph.

Something was shaking the table in front of him. He turned to his right, and saw a mug on the edge. In the mess, a lot of white fingers drummed at the table, and then curved round the mug. He frowned. He heard a little click, and getting angry, leant over as far as he could without moving. The coffee burnt the bottom of the mug, and a little white pill stuck to it. He ignored it.

He squinted, and jumbled his legs together to sit on the sofa.

Two people leapt out, covering the middle space of the picture. First, the one sitting on the left side, was a woman. She was young, She was extremely thin, her hair was thick and blonde, looked like it had been dyed, and reached to her shoulders. She wore a bright red vest-top, tight blue jeans, her legs were crossed, she had red and gold sandals, with big wooden platforms. The type of wood that has holes in like, the cheese mice nibble. She looked into the camera, her face tilted forward, with a proud, serious grin. She had a glass of purple wine, screwed up in her hand with a cigarette, and her other arm was round the shoulders, of a dark image.

He squinted again, moved his eyes over to the right of the picture. Another young woman, looking as though she was just a head, above a black tent. Her face was round like the moon, in-between two long dark curtains of hair, flowing down and down, the face, shone like the moon, it *looked absolute moon*, if he had a zoom in, he would have imagined she was freckly or covered by light and shadow like the pattern of the moon. The nose looked long. Quite wide at the bridge. The eyebrows over the black eyes, were thick black, and cut up like ostrich feathers, so that they were slightly

spiky, running flowery in a swift line, one up, one up, one, plus, it was now extremely noticeable that he had just, completed, the game.

September, '70.

I can see she has eyes and I can see she has hair, but I don't know who she is... she has long hair and dark eyes.

The song of lemon.

I felt a brush of the soft humid sun breeze against my ear. I looked up from the photo, to see the old lacy white covers over the windows, shimmer.

Then a quick bang like a broken bone as it snaps, and the photo cast itself out of my fingers. My shoulders started to shake.

A girl giggled, rolled over the back of the sofa, waving the paper and fell onto the floor.

A world moved like green, as the windows spun, and turned cartwheels.

"I've got you!" she grabbed his hand, in a fist, and crushed it, "We are leaving!"

"I've got you for someone and you will never believe this. We can go right now, there's no Time left to leave."

"I've killed someone...remember, that's why they put me in this place. Come on!"

He rose from the sofa, like new strong dignity, his body was strong, his step sure and solid, his mouth set, his eyes deep. She pulled at his wrist, and tripped slightly, thin and almost naked it looked like, in a bright vest, skinny jeans and platforms, that kept getting squashed under her feet and tripping her as she shook madly at his fist, pulling and pulling at him, then slipping on the wooden floor.

As she pulled at me, and I fell off the sofa, I felt an explosion, it was inside me, a full force that knocked me down, as my sight went like white noise static, shattering white and black pixels, I blinked and my the soft feather fingers round my hand, fell off and I collapsed and split my self, hard on the floor.

Tiny metal balls called life, and myself, are rolling round the spider-web network that bends and shifts itself, as it is space and time, without and within, the balls flash through strange paths, but never fall off. They pick little nooks, and stop there, then, when bored roll again in the shifting web, and stop in a nook somewhere else. I don't know how history, or rather, moments of time are written in the network. Or how what we thought was a straight line, is shifting, round and round, upside down perhaps and round, all the time.

The night time was better for me. I was in a circle of dark blue darkness, with no-one else. Sofas sank down into the depths of misery, tables and chairs looked forlorn and broken.

No space had entered. No time moved. The girl wasn't *that* girl. But it was good, good!

Keys taking me outside to another world.

I heard a massive yell.
Sitting in silence, staring at the white pill.

Fight the junction like the junction is the last place on earth. The last place is always the worse, it is the end. Line up, steps, one step two step, look left, three step, turn right. Watch out for cars, look at the lorries, like the lorries are sure you should be there.

I feel like a big idiot with this white cone sticking out of my head, I look like a poorly dog, that isn't old to bite at itself, or anyone else.

I can't control my point, my head-event, to bring on the journey. I AM, a ball rolling over and round any place, and need some groove to settle into.
I went inside an empty building, all the buildings were empty.

I cut through, the rubble and debris, no reason why the stars were moulding, and cans of beans in corners, and ceilings were falling down. One thing, every building here is made of wood. That's American.
Slight shadows of human beings swish past on the walls. But still, no real humans.

I didn't once sit and wonder. I got morose though, and sat down for a long-time humming in the humid air.
=

He's joined a circus of men, moved into a big messy house, because rent is cheap. I had to move in too. Let's remember the happy times! I shouldn't be too low about things, all this here, is a mixture of what stood before me, time is mixed here. I don't regret. Should I stay or should I go?

I don't like it sometimes, but I rested, because living this easy shouldn't shake up the days...I'm going to be mental about what I've lost. I'm going to say why I didn't like him, what I did want, what I'm liking, how I've gone. Where I am. What should be? All strands of special reasoning, amazing happenings, freak accidents, much more horror. Much grey light. Much fight. How boredom makes me weep. What I made boring, what I didn't release, how I should of let go. What I saw. Despair. Stupidity, stupid! Stupid!

Find me who day amidst the dead, heavy fire-smoking thing I am.
Which home? I would always leave the door wanted. Die, burn, bury, the last of you, had the same nurses in it, they said he had a broken mind and he frowned. I nearer to the hospital now, I am hell, cross over, I kicked and kicked, a hole had

been cut in-between the classes, I was going down, and he was small. I found a pouch of tobacco in the empty house; the letters were strange, not Russian, not Asian, square and thick, some loose dots, some circles around lines.

Alien.

There was a man in an electric metal chair, with a telephone wire around his neck, he was cross-eyed and sheep like in his wide scared eyes. A brick. His executioner was young and dark and white and pretty. I had to step over the death chair, I was now a giant, outside was the security wing. I sit in the chair. It spins round, and red sparks fly in black light.

Now...now.

==

Plans stink. I'm clean and lost and hungry now. I can hear far off singing. Now noisy jeeps in the night-time. I managed to sleep sitting up and leaning on the rotting walls. There's a strong smell of sickness, the floors are sticky in parts.

I'm going out to make contact.

To have in common, the shut light. The outer you, slipped out the windows, where are one two, rooms, a square sofa room, and, wait. Can move the base windows, The alien slipped, it is then. It has a hand in, the alien found a can of pills, and two roll ups. Those circles of hands, in waiting. The night time lost?

A girl, found, round the crease of the It. Wonder regret so the world. To the windows, it's light up the night. Slipped through the darkness, one room, one corridor, and one dormitory. NO one. Common room, one off, on, itself. Turns like the ball of the sofa, and the windows, of light, dotting through the lands outside, like a UFO.

The time, it's own.

I am in one of the bases, to wait and wait. The round room, lit up all the roll ups.

The man who has the water, to, earth. The life you are forced to take. Dark wavy haired young bedroom, I said, her, How am I a Time?

I look like I was returned two days ago, after a long walk in Hell time. See there are others who have been making me fear. She liked to get on, and should have stopped, when I spoke before, but the dark had been moving closer to me, than she could.

I waited for a needle.

I wouldn't take dirty coffee, or unknown pill.

I needed a new door, a portal, for myself. So I could stop, that same look.

I have years to wait in this same place.

I have years, I told her. I begin everything and she agreed, to take a woman. She and me would have married? But, she was the other one, the other girl in the photograph, the best friend.

My meeting with the Emperor was restarting, of course. I returned taller. I wasn't died from the metal, who here, has the same eyes as me?

The shut water, and the vision of fire getting bigger and bigger, the dirt of the earth, dry and kicked about. A love storm to get ill in, or no storm. I can call it now. The thunder angel, an annoying person, looked mad.

I was curly unclean after the night of waiting, no appearances, and so, I filled myself blonde with a change of beard. Don't down myself, only know, I thought for weeks. Still in the common room. Came and let one drug back, me, mentioning I scan visions a little too close to see clearly. My, my photos, don't her eyes rent in a little, crew up, and her friend, grabs her closer to her. She is locked in, and tells you so. I live in a dead warm group of patients that find it hard to live.

Thievery has about it, simplicity. Many disappeared too.

It was Christmas; the men in vans shout outside then, they drill my head continually. I'm getting drawn to the outwardness of death.

-=====

I've somehow been out early.

Breakfast in canteen. Black snow, fills out the deep blood spilling across the ground. It makes everything kind of safe, in beautiful. They make wish announcements over the radio. The Emperor's girlfriend, the faeces flesh thing, has a bigger playground. It won't rot under the minds here; it gets great sustenance on blind stupidity. Uncleanliness.

Terrified, this time, terrified, now, only the fear that it would have me caught, caught up by other humans, not any magical throws or visions. Just dangerous human, lost in the Emperor, unwilling to be himself, unaware of what he was doing, because it was all such a blind way being caught. It gave me in to It. I got real pains in the mind, scared of all. But, the ducks were gone, and men here just sat, their means played down in medicated sleep, the islands were peaceful for them, and I still kept the secret. I hid the photo in a pocket and refused to look at it. Wisdom dying down in men. The demonic is out after the animals. That's us. I compare dark eyes of this kind to their call. These men were empty eyes. Something had stuck in them, turned a key in them until it hurt, and shut them down. Old flute waters, thinks, her man, the name I, is, you. Have a someone.

The man sang giant, for already he had half of self, submerged in which has no name.

The rain had stopped.

The island here, happened and I was scared. I walk on, in an l-shape of a tiny building with no way out, and twist across borders for the devil, turns again, and catches me on the prow. If men are feeling demons, I don't know. I could try and run. I'm taxes, head in wedding, or not, collectors of song mourners in common rooms, ready, and It hears the singers sink in sand, but eventually me and the wisdom went walking, and I began the next battle.

I told the house I was here. Actions spoke up. It overpowered and out weaponed me. Inside the pocket she wakes, as the island is picked bald of hope. I write it crying. Two insults towards her when I thought of hear, and I broke up, not down, but left, then, a twist down and one out, and gone.

Sleeping is said to have drawn the devil in, a little room couldn't break it away. I stole a knife, I did just jump over the canteen bar, straight into kitchen and grabbed first knife, a damn big knife, and hurled over the bar again.

This house is His; the arena is in a monster. Tried my voice today to wake up the nightmares, On waking my head is pushed into pillow, some one drew the man of a little late, and so, I borrowed the sofa for bed to hide out from the men's dormitory. That loses me a few cigarettes a day. He didn't like me, 'walking about and shouting loudly.'

Then I knew I was loved, throughout her. Why, I know.

So, I sat, watching for her looks, without looking at anything. The battle plan, so far, was talking It to death, taking it away from all the people in the maze that looked as though they were mourning. We don't have everything, we have nothing but a why, and a, have.

Someone everyone knew, was packed up with who the fuck has the country, a hand on there, as for an address. So, my battle is going slowly, and you don't know I was terrified more than ever. They think, my beautiful devil, and they think they go facing It, in keeping of light. But in their bed, It paints up, pigeons and directions to Hell. Another bad myself, had tried a flat and a house, and somewhere I just want a floor, where looking confused is rightful, to be cried to, under blankets, and sleep in the singing bed of a woman, it's rightful.

So, RIOT, according to the TV.

Actually remember, YOU, getting The MAN seconds.

Envision Dementia living upstairs, main course and worry.

BATTLE part 2

YOU DON'T LEARN BY SECONDS. You take a long time to learn. How is IT, so fast?

It arrived today, It would be the last arrival.

There was a stabbing where some people were painting. Too many men, took me, to a 'jack' kill, I was almost dead in the kitchen. Making tea in bright red lights. Just lights, and one winter night, above my bed, to the side of my bed, became Hell.

I hear a man carved down, by emptiness. Somewhere in a distant cage. A giant bag filled with maggots, bleeding flesh, has a design, wiser than man, but as much a man as nothing.

The snores hooked, the witches men drive the bed I am in. I can't get on my bicycle and drive past the TV. It gets in the TV. All fronts calling for help. No-one knows how to fight horror.

We are hearing much.

Falling where the collapsing man calls of eventually flying, I wander about the rats and the animals I heard grumbling in bed socks saying;

"In kind met."

"...don't the horns... they are his."

I did turns that rain couldn't. Singer's sand. How ill to sleep in the right house.

Last, eventually. Noise of rats, scratching and scratching in the walls around me, hundreds of vermin, scratching for me. Two hands, grabbing a fat rat, hold it up to my face, in the cardboard wall of the bed.

Salivating murders, one cast a hook and line, a hook as big as my head, meaning to scratch, or behead. Winter dark was like the television screams of static, black and white hissing tiny pixels, roaring and piercing the electrical decoration of the building. The snow felled it away, It wouldn't touch the ground. Then, It brought companion, chained against the inner walls of the corridor, a quick walk into lower places, and a dungeon, of brittle, longhaired victims.

The patients hummed, as usual, but not one laughed, or spoke this time. A couple fall into eating, like pigs, they trowel large forkfuls into their mouth, dribble and crush the bones in the chicken, dropping large chunks of meat on the table and floor.

It's made them small, and pitiful. They never speak. Raw white fingers, dirtied with bleeding cuts, and black pinches, and grime curl round their necks, stroking them slowly. Weapon one down, victim in trouble.

It grasps a saw, and It's hand gets larger, so, I blink, the hand turns bright red, and floats backwards, disappearing inside the wall.

There's blood in the old lady's jam. She methodically brings out digestives, paints jam, and puts to mouth. I can't interfere, something would show me trouble. One biscuit crushes between her fingers, and as she stares at the television, it crumbles in two and drops.

Shrieking all the over the building. It can see me. It's lodged It's evil world inside the cardboard wall, directly along my bed. There's no space to live. I am on my last life. My fear is like jelly, in the stomach of sheep and sparkle dust floor as of war. They already have a girl.

Ashes of asses, he felt his neck, fear had cut in. Could you get me here? No, and no one else. He feared that it had all ready been fear, fear is too little. Fear had cut his neck. Little chains of meaningful fear stretching miles. Good heads roll glistening between the living, and in the debris, stop, blood leaking into sand.

Do not let Him dead. Under factory unions with neighbours. Sheep lick up the mess. A black boom. Her staring eyes and the demons around her head. Twisting between the sun and the rain. Death in a car, one of my hangings. Got advice, and got looked at fear, got looks, of fear, they turned me over on my bed. Got the wrong drug in the needle. Fear is alive. My entrails, my knees, half of the white stuff, fear the nurse, and then say; "Oh, nothing." A snake lived under my bed, somehow it had brunt a hole in the wood, like a mouse hole, for its head, and crawled out at times silently, making me wear my trainers in bed, to protect parts of my skin, and I fought in the bedcovers, and silently screamed. Made mad men laugh, and mad never use laughs. It was the rain. Snakes are funny! Like worms wriggle! Noooo, in the street, should be my will, and sun is good. Mouth shut, big, lived, not, died, fear better, no fear took drugs. I should say, smoke of that which is burning. My entrails in dirt.

Cigarettes created to experience the mouth, too much everyday. Chaste and exhausted. I have a life, in up and down, not the odd, anymore. I am inquisitor, the questioner, in the mental hospital, cleansed and with that, shall suck them alive, twisting at them, leave you bullied, and invading, brought down my bow and crushed and burnt the arrows. Someday.

A giant, discovered gentle, and it, bowed It's head, down to the little man below. But the little man, didn't want it to be nice, after everything it had done, including eating a friend, so the giant bowed It's head further down towards the man, and toppled over, crashing and dying upon the ground.

The security ward, where no one was let out, unless a prostitute. I was punk with lots of the others. New ones, stayed and dead ones. I put a cross on the words on the television. I made piercings in a man's face, about twenty, with a pin and stapler set up. I wrote blessings on each one. I give much to my zombies. In the small vent above, I herd a horrible cry. Inside the fat vermin, inside the bursting cupboard the rats scratched. Amidst the dead, the room was put to a fire, the only burst in monotony.

The man with the pierced silver face, was a magic man. He had Time, under control. He thundered form the kitchen door, in seconds, a dwarf of a man, and got himself through the thick, heavy front door, that was on an automatic lock, and 33 seconds later, appeared in the kitchen. Why, stay here I thought? Why not go, with such power at hand?

There's an old man, I am sure can see, he lives in my bedroom. I get up and try to push him off the bed yet he snores and will not roll off the bed, as every time I

wake him in this way he is in a daze...I move to the other bed, I look at the next man in a numb horror but am laughing and saying I will never be able to look at this poor dog again, in fact I do not want to break his little heart...

Naughty Arthur, can walk through the palace and see spinning eyes in each of the portraits the nurses hanged, he can see me greet him on the fire exit stairs, his hand burns if he tries the handle to the private door, I got through by tailing a new doctor.

His Mum/Wife peers round the other doorway, he shows me black skinny hands, to tell me his mother, all old and spindly, while my Mum is larger, and scolds like thunder.

I had wanted to forget about every single damn alien in existence but the news didn't let up. Residents were going out and coming in. We gathered outside when the alarm went off, three times in an hour, smoking and generally kicking at things on the ground, when one of the new ones spoke up. It was about a dream he had had, where he and some other patients had arrived in some house way out of civilisation, and had quite a good time there, even managed to find alcohol, but for the rat-men that kept inquiring after their presence.

I had a particular dislike for the rats, they made my hearing grate, they are evolved vermin. Just great men, growing from the litter of thousands of rodents, growing in some place of souls, lengthening, wondering, growing strong legs that lifted them up, two long backlegs to walk on, and then hands from paws, taller and taller, then, speech, like shriek whistles, teeth curling back, bulging throats, tiny black eyes in a human-like face, a long nose, the whiskers still apparent by little holes but having shrunk in, the all-black eyes that could search everywhere, and you wouldn't know where. And they squeak so much, rabid annoying fear making their beady eyes wobble and rotate madly, understanding the growing soul of fear, not much else...

The next race.

Distinctly, two different breeds of talking animal, on two separate world, or separate lands, or continents, neither living peacefully. Stupid rats, and stupid alligators, both on two legs.

I wanted to go out there, I just decided, I'm going there, to help the last of the human race.

"How come, even with a skeleton, we don't just, fall apart, cells? keep us together? That's just water. Stomach attached to intestines, it's all just blobs, and squishy stuff packed under squishy flesh and skin, we cut through easily, keep it all in? Well, thank you very much, sir."

The grey have made rougher women...

Jeans on me and trainers are with wear, with registrar, some thicker with girls...

They ; Cheap. I'm refuse with
first the yellow with It's bothering difficult

You make and somewhere put I him in, he got so me, and he will see the blessed I am in to bring, through with flew at Hell, an amnesia in steeple to black. It's Competition die down.

by their finding sighs the voice, an accident in bed, he, the accident man

**quipped that I am hurt and then, that I have the eye.
I and He, only painted Earth, said hurts worked that put people through Hat
And that, in soul.**

**I I thoughts slept that said said and in sound.
I fight it Hell was needed it tried and like to or to got deep call get turn a Bass
'people' attacked me lucky**

Maybe for by and life a help Hell even during girl when

I though the painted I was everything day that couldn't get sick was

explaining and Filth anymore

GETTING OUT OF THE HOSPITAL TO THE OUTSIDE:

The ward gate was strange. I worked out a way to get out.

I am fat, where the middle age is. Already, even the cars want me to be good. They are red or green. The green kisses me, the red halts me. I am amazed by the red. I do not know who drives them, or what the person inside is. Just a call up, I expect.

A large lady, adopting sites for bird reservation.

A monster human.

It was a black day, which was flown by swiftly.

Morning voices for patients. A rattling hope goes by.

The bird pulled at the worm, and nearly broke its neck.
Having breakfast was my first mission.

An outside circle of cackling men. The bird pulled at the It.

There were horses that could speak growing there.

They held garden sticks, by the roundabout. Many tiny plants.

Monsters carrying walky-talkies going around the fences.

I got trampled, appearing over the wall, into a field.

All the farms were padlocked at the chest, and the straw was burning under the sun, sizzling and cackling, feeding the sad horses, shivering and sweating under the loose light cctv fields, in burden of hot skin and fur, chained in, by the men who worship the sun, who turned them out to feed dully on burning grass, locked in cctv squares, never planned a right of way, or a right to remain, the way they remain, if it isn't much, they were grazing on burnt grass.

He went off she said, this neighbor...with no how are you, how are you feeling. Really, I think it was too bit much for her to call the police on him, but then I would, and I suppose she couldn't really do much else...

There's no music in these words, because they don't give me music, there is no music. Probably nothing but the instrumental, electronic tunelets that repeat over and over again, I catch in all the normal places, cafes, shopping centres, all the right places. Look at tat for entertainment, because that's all there is.

So, I use, my joy, joy eyes. I'm all 60 pairs of eyes of the archangel, I am all eyes. I use one eye, snapping it's lids, and staring through walls.

-

--I have a spare eye. It's look to the revolution eye. ----

I don't get music during the government, I a little too small.

I work for the government. I look sensible, madder, for that, is, madder to obey the ladder on high. It's a swinging ladder, struggling under the weight of the big fat cat on top, toppling, one, another way, trying to stay straight, trying to balance on it's own

needs, no to fall, but to hold the weight of the fat ginger tom man, curling it's tail, and hitting a sound downward that echoes on the space between bodies and temperatures and other **fixed** objects, chutting, chatchutting its thick tail against ringing metal.

I'm sight **after** sight. A visual rain down of expectations to war.

Where can you see?

I saw an old woman who had a CD made from one of the allowed expressions. It went ditditdit, over and again, until I thought, she's not aware, she's unused to music, but she hasn't gone insane, because of the unawareness. She stood at a special centre in town, and chutchutted her walking stick on the concrete. Because, she was working like a guard, for the holy church, sat on the entrance steps, old widow, tapping her stick, with a complex type of semaphore code, she conducted all visits, she chose who was welcome, and who was not so welcome, what was not, she didn't physically object, just sang out warnings with a low wail, and tap tapped instructions on the stone steps.

All other expressions are condemned, though the youth (and my movement) rule the city, forming all anti-angelic entertainments, down the stairs, in the soggy cement lanes. **They** are not revolution like us. **That** is apparent; Youngsters are interesting, even when they are anti-light.

Because there is a strange war, here. in the city, it spread over all channels, it took over form and threw away light.

A history lesson.

ripping sheets up, fitting them together to make one top-sail, hang it over all the windows facing the front side of the house.
as if I'm leaving to be killed, and am already remembered, because I'm going out to die..Renewed .

I made it all the way, to the other-side of the city, that part where money is made. I was journeying on some kind of jet-pack or force that shot me through the dark streets, past a black cathedral, where I stopped at the main door, lily bouquets littered all around. The pirates were after, I was a type of pirate. The bastion of morality was disguised as men on horses in red coats. They charged together after an unseen threat. I hated them, I was against them, for the reason that I could not understand why anyone would want to care about facing down a far off foe. Why be so concerned.

Actually, I thought, why bother at all. What are you to me?

The last men, of morality, holding strong against something they would never defeat, so that I hated their dignified presence, and wanted to be a thief and a pirate.

I wanted to crash into their horses and fell them.

I went for the rush of the street turning as one, my fire pushing me over the rooftops, back into the midnight blue shadows, and the green light of the lamps. At the corner, another crowd appeared. They were all small of stature, and they made a dreadful

cacophony of high-pitched shrieking. I got closer, landing between the crowd, and smelt damp dust, and straw. The faces were covered, but I could see black eyes, glinting and reflecting light. They swished their long thin tails above their heads, cut each other further together, crushing some, that squealed and fell and were trodden down. They had no clothes because they were covered in thick blonde-brown fur. Their feet were long and cracked, with talons that clinked on the cobblestones. I choked and choked for air.

Then, I ran, I pressed a rocket button and span back to the lilies, wilting on the floor of the graveyard, and crushing against the black iron clad door of the cathedral.

He coughs. I sing. He wakes a little, and hacks and hacks. Then, he cries out, high-pitched shriek, and coughs and coughs, and shakes badly in the chair. I stop, sighing, my mouth lifted towards the sky, like I could kiss whatever else is there, if there, in the sky, someone, can see us, is actually, with us completely in that mad moment, not in these lonely times and days, please be there, because I beg of you.

He stood wrecked, but thought of nothing. He was going for the door.

It was a black door, with ornate iron fixings in a horizontal pattern, presumably holding locks on each one, the door handle was like off-colour silver, large and round with tiny black like markings on it, like winged birds. It turned with a creak, he slid inside, holding the door. He stepped forward. The narrow hallway ran forever, it was black inside too, but he could see rows and rows of similar doors left and right, going on forever. He choked, but went on.

"Walk slowly. The door is here, as an implement of ; an aspect of hate.' The building is too. I am 'met.'. Who will you meet in my special building, of many places, a building that you see, is a shopping centre, you look inside and see....

"I don't! I don't!"

"... market stalls. You want inside to be exciting, or, just, wonderful. I have made it to..."Hate".

"Move the wall."

Yes, because this fight is getting me dead, is it this, me, I or louder than me?

My is, is defied every man and dead and gross I am man louder, but heard to a linked to a sounding horn. I'm fire died, nearby is a someone I see as an alarm, real, a little bit poked, will stars appear as I? Bereft me, Fall. It's can't of look, at a You, invent happiness girl screaming screams horns at fell I'm the they. The one in waiting, drums begin moment. Love for are they so with the rolling forget why the baby the, the, then savour the wrong sister, who is too loud and I creep down to low call, cuddle, me, I'm

arrive with the horn that goes on sitting. I show me voice to back the push. He begins again go in her. It got over pits of coffee I me down keep shop die it.

Some of the glorious sunshine that is my friend, she is fire hot and bright.

I only remember how we got through.

But now alone, I am. More different to people, than I could know. I always pause at the door, stare blindly through the gap, then slam them shut. I don't want to know them... They all have their own individuals strange ideas about what to do, to fight. I just go on with the days, as empty as I am, because I've got a lonely place now, and walk to hide It.

I hate: uncontrollably.
I have understood the Master.

I went.

Like that.

I found the one that I wanted to find.

And I thought;
I don't want to do it, i don't want to do it i don't want to do it,
i don't like what you tell me.
And I annihilated all the fear and gathered demons; and I fought for all of it, but i didn't sing.

====

I didn't Want it,
I didn't want me, you, the devils, the rats,
and devils, and rats, and rats,
I wanted to know was all I said nothing, because I said it, in my mind, all the time,
every day, all the experiences always, gave me the same thought, was all I thought
nothing?
Mercy was the word I needed to say. I was full of it. Of course I was.
How come there was no place for me.

I said;

---Silence I come, hands. And didn't gather the known. Gathered dark, the needy here.
Demon dormitory rats, the honest and the folded up.

Devils men stayed and purred.
Little soldiers entered the dark, you thought of it, over meat. For, Every find, find
every bad.

Gatecrash a pact, little universes. No I didn't, I said. Silences looked Universes.

Things like rats, weaknesses.

The dark and cut. redemption money.

Frozen want for Cashiers, want for, of, graves, and on, went for.

And say vampires, blanket the hope.

Come hands and eyes.

All men stayed, purred in the dark. Don't sing in me and annihilated, cubicle and all, a cashier.

Eyes want, and, and prince. Black out over meat. Rats weakness, reason, want it over every bit of meat, for and fear, away, the lemons was wrecked, silences looked like universes, It was like, do all the hope I called rat's weakness.

Not much time for drinking.

I am going to kill someone for It.

I have gone over.

I walked into a large, live television hanging on the opposite wall.

When the liquid takes you, you want to go outside with it, somewhere where peace is, so you can watch the trees shimmer as the liquid tells you to watch it, there are clashing silver lights breaking up the trees into queues of shivering but straight lines, like birches should be silver, but they were different kinds of trees to silver birches, and so were the pathways I took on my day out, taking sips of liquid as I passed trees, waiting for an absolute change, but it just came back through my eyes to make the trees shiver silver. Not a precise hallucination.

Without being pleased with the effect of the liquid, I sipped more and more at a few minutes' intervals

The sun would break through, not from above, or as there in the clearing, or beyond the trees, but in all the ways the air could carry its hotness. If I got dizzy, I stared at breaking trees. I said to the one tree that it was like a mirror, where it's tiny pieces of smashed glass, tried to reform themselves as the tree, and found they could not, but were fit in the way they could now dance away, or dance back as the tree, so that they never quite got close to each other, ever again.

Rough ways pass through the trees. I hold the hand of everyone passing through. I am sipping liquid at intervals that seem strange to me. It seems this illegal drink, is readily available to someone who can see through trees. I don't know if anyone walking by, wants to know, what is illegal, what I've found. That, drinking is easy,

buying it is easy, it just forms in my hand. There must be someone who will see the problem. I am not allowed to drink, but no one can see me drinking.

The companions shuffle along beside me. They want to eat.

I was a kit for old women, but I only met with the young women. I must have been fortunate to find such work, as I have come up from the south-seas, to witness and to reveal.

I have struck the stone.

I have bought women for luck, and found why.
Time to journey in the other lands!

So, I'm off to stay. I have to stay in purposeful missions to save. Water is ditchy, is soaking poorly, my mind soaking poorly, because it's in ditchy water. I suppose to chuck the gun so I've left it in the apartment wardrobe. She'll find it, nicking an old ladies clothes, it's all wiped though, pamphlets scored and delivered, back to the owners. They will have fun pasting posters across walls, and soaking glue in buckets.

A strange little, alien.

===== I had cigarette ends by rolling them, and he said, to get further still.

I would like to make a friend, I say without wanting him, and he tells me of being outside forever, a few years ago. I back up at information about people, smoke meeting and suppose I am staring.

So I pack up the brown mud at the bottom of my bed, and get from the streets, and back to my own room.

'I I I'm so darkness thought was too much and men at sarcastic shit the were the what they light '

" I should actually distinguish selfishness know that mean't ugh pigheadedness the she she was childishness."

I'm attached to this house and he owns it.

I'm not welcome anywhere, but they choose where I am.

I have been bought and sold into the land of small boxes.

I have completely overcome him. He is not to know.

I have superseded his mind, to obey mine. I have run a revolution, from under his nose, and with his complete, though astonished approval. It is though he is the one who has been poisoned.

I have managed to overwhelm any of his thoughts to overthrow the red masks, or, specifically, have prevented him from going to the yellow masks. He knows how his silliness, has lost all want for political functions, except those of the absurd functions, that occur when a man has lost all, so at the last, wants to destroy himself entirely.

I have transformed his body.

He is acceptance.

He is the dragon I ride upon.

A match against me, ends in fire. I always win. Shotgun fools are bleeding themselves when they think of fighting me. I am glad the boy sticks with me, in fact he sticks to, me.

Where have I wandered? I mean my mind feels so different, it's huge, encompassing what I didn't think about, before ever, it's slow, at times, very slow, but I feel settled in that like being inside water. Then it roars, over paths that spin and fly past me, I am the thunder and the lightening, and the invincible me,

I destroyed them all one day. I was so angry with the small people, that when I spoke I breathed fire, and watched them disappear, then I felt high and I flew spinning round the highest buildings. But before I could get away from absolutely everyone and go off into outer space, he appeared beside me, holding on to me, and as ever, ruling me and my actions.

I am tremble in the light of the first morning, see how it is to come at me, to bitterly bite the cold in me, and in some, give more to, and in some more of us, take from.

I hear an ever-present roar. He is delayed here.

Someone about to kill appears in my room. I blink my eyes, holding them wide, like a signal, blink, flash, blink, then, stop. I can kill him.

Fall into mind, make a light, a red
dot...when they think you are
low...fight...pounce on different minds,
focus sight...

create the death...burst souls...find a
 little bit of their hell, and force down,
 force down the minds, with thunder...crack
 minds...reach into them, into their sin,
 and force...

unparalleled magic.

first attempt;

I attempt to kill this one. I blink and on closing my eyes, focus on his brain, wandering somewhere in the line of his heart. What happens is, I twerk my mind, blink, focusing on a red dot in my head, that must burst, I shake my mind as much as I can without hurting. It hit him. He falls right down when the red dot bursts. Looks, like a heart attack.

I am black on the birth of fire. Ten twenty seventy eight. I sleep so much now, I blink when he passes my black eyelids in an infrared heated glow, he shoves at my face sometimes, peering into me, shaking me to wake up, but it's not so irritating. When I wake, and yawn, he jumps. Jumps back frowning, then zooms into my face, close enough to kiss, and stares while he pats my hair.

"We have to drug you," he said, "you haven't eaten, and keep sleeping, I need to do something with you. Take this." He puts a large round pill on my tongue. I groan, and go back to the lovely feeling of sleep. Then energy makes a fire sound inside me, and I sit up and stretch my limbs, throwing back my head, and taking in the air. He jumps away, and disappears out of my view. I stare up at the sky, and stand, feeling weighty.

I stagger, and then something hits my back, and I wheeze. My eyes are glimmering with white lines that look like rain, I am spinning. I yawn, wide, with a sudden feeling of hot dizziness. The sun is falling down, and hurtling towards the streets below us. I need to feel free, so I step up and break into a run. As I jump off the roof, darkness veils my mind and I am moving through sleep.

There are men in the sky.

He pinches my throat and tells me not to breathe. There are men below.

Shots blast and scare me, I can escape. I fly high towards the sun that is a part of me. I whirl round it, lower and then higher, lower and higher. I feel a searing pain in my feet, and I'm dazed, and the world whirls round me, and a black object, spitters and revolves round the sky, falling, falling.

It is the boy. I run to pick him up, but I crash into the ground. I breathe dizzy, and open my eyes. He is small and black beside me, gasping and holding his chest.

“What has happened?” I ask.

“You stupid, stupid man,” he breathes.

I step towards him, but I feel crushed. A wall to the right, comes crashing down. I bend my face down to his, and brush at his face.

“You, stupid, stupid...” he gasps.

I crouch down beside him. I lick his chest, there is a blood red stain there, he gasps and gasps, “stupid, stupid...”

I sink down to the ground, and feel very tired.

I go to sleep.

I can count the wicked days.

There were rat bum, and rat feed, and odd, small girls, in leather, grabbing the squirreling rats in their paws, and attempting to shove me. The neighbour got more and more irritated. I would walk up and down to the light switch in the dorm, and flick it on, one to dissipate the atmosphere back out the grand height of the grey building where cancer patients sat opposite, off in case I was scared of oncoming phantoms, and on again because there was a low, growling, wheeling then shrieking crescendo of fear in the dark.

The trident men carried on hoeing the piles of the dead people caught inside the edge of the door, looking on my bed.
Several people round me, fall.

I leave my fingers brushing the square light switch and stare up into a corner which has a halftone of grey like a diamond shining facets, caught up in the darkness of a hidden day, waiting in the arms of night, cradle in a sweet swooning sleep as it moves one way and the next, then slipping into the turn of the earth to look down on the places below the equator. The cancer patients' lights are off. Now the building has become, a beacon of strange technologies flashing electrons in dots of bright lamps, orange and fluorescent green, and shadows which flit across the reflecting windows opposite mine.

The grey diamond. Is alone, sticking itself like a cobweb clinging to world's that part from the other.

I want to grasp at the sticky skylight, and drag it down and crush it in my hand. It spins in the grey parts of the room, like a dancer, it flits across the walls, over the sleeping, snoring heads.

You're grey, I said. Government meeting silence, taking out the cases, for unstoppable silliness.

When I knew these smaller people were half-blind, I switched on the largest light, and let them wrestle through it all by themselves. I slept for as long as possible during the day. I hid a dinner knife and took it out in bed, and scraped at my hands. Weapon in imagination and I have a way of destroying the foe. But, only one by one, it was a giant virtual reality building, and a holiday away from home so I took all my time and went for a hit one by one. Fell millions, one after another.

The white breakout of madness. It's inside, regular people, couples looking to buy a new house, actresses singing the song, interviewers and interviewees of the news. All of them possessed by a voice of a spirit from hell. They roll along happily, because they are unaware. I see catch lines hovering over their heads, reaching into them through the forehead, painting red dots on their skull, deep scaly black and grey auras pushing them to speak strange forbearances. Still unaware. The television is switched on all day, so when I stand near it and look, I see what is inside our house is seeping into every available brain.

If I couldn't bleed their soul into waking obvious recognition, I would just sit, sit and stare, waiting for It to go away. There were some emergencies; everything was being spoken in a human language. Often they just repeated the phrase: "Man Dead."

I kept it quiet from everyone as my time was so caught up in the Thing. There was nothing anyone could do. I had to sit it out.

The BLOOD MEAL.

The people behind the door had put themselves in front of the wall, so that now terrible things lived among us human people, us nurses and doctors, cleaners and patients, and their visitors.

They sat among us.

Were mostly silent, but stared at those who took up speaking to all of us, or they wandered in among couples and quiet meetings.

The ones that multiplied were extremely small types of men, red hair on their bodies, a height of about a foot, a long mane of hair like a girl falling down their backs. Stared blankly at us, as they squatted between chairs on the floor, or on the kitchen table.

They wheeled their way up strange roads, the action of steering being slightly diselevatated by alcohol.

What a lot of looking, and enough of thinking,

*What a load of happy substance,
 Like eggs have substance, in little boxes,
 Running and bleeding,
 Soaking up places,
 A load of wonderful places,
 Soggy engines,
 And trains that wont have an ending,
 Back to the start of the meeting,
 What a load of looking,
 And now, there is some thinking,
 I like picking,
 Up the boxes,
 And the eggs are running,
 In little boxes,
 Close the doors, and box us in,
 What a lot of running, and not a lot of thinking.*

I spent a one whole day, sat on the large, deepened sofa, sinking, sinking.
 A new person.

Her bare arm against my bare arm. She leaned closer, as the night dropped in through the square windows. She smiled with dark purple lips that were so thin they cut a line across the blue grey of her skin. She nodded and nodded again, staring somewhere into my lap, catching at my bare skin, brushing her hand down my arm.
 Do you ever feel your bones so damp? Do you ever feel like the brains about to fall over? Or that you are searching for the unbelievable?

I shake as the waves of frost come through the square gaps, my eyes are blinking, taking up all the grey blue air, opening again to see orange in front, and then close down for the entire night.

There's a new girl spinning in the kitchen from the counter, a heavy round mug of coffee in hand.
 She has a smile, which is blank, but is big. She is stacked up with thin bones, bending and cracking, protruding veins in the hands clutching the mug. The smile is still purple. That's lipstick. I like her, a lot.
 I move past her as her eyes squeal and take me in, I click the kettle button; I hum as I stir, turn small and decide to see her gone. I go into the line of the sheep people, and walk back into my bed.

There were two men under the counter in a cupboard, obviously deep in communication, one caressing the face of the other as that other one, picked at it's other's teeth with a pinprick stick, I reached in behind their heads to get the coffee tin, and they jumped at me, clawing my face with tough talons. I flew out swiftly. It was another quiet day. It always seemed to me to be so whenever a human took up the stage.

Blue beard and radio no longer down, radio winning, playing a quick late night show on an AM dial, happy hard-core, and jazzy vocals. I am happy. Someone wants it off, I've taken the stage, I guard the radio and watch things disappear. They want it off. I...want them...to go.

The red light is stuck in the roof, but It's not happy.

The girl has gone.

Where is she?

I sleepily follow into the door of the girl's dorm.

Some snoring old women. Everyone seems to be taking in an inappropriate sleep-in which is against the rules. All the nurses have gone, holed up in the office with the glass doors. The police are there today. A man shrieks, down at my feet, and his 1 ft. frame rushes into the sleeping room.

I pass the office a few times, just hovering on my feet, delicately balancing on my toes, and secretly watching the police. The two of them stand side by side at the same height, bellies or body armour pushed out, stupid antennas poking out of their hips. They stare at me too.

The photo is back in the book, back on the shelf. I didn't want it to be found on my person, I didn't want to ruin, by keeping it under my pillow, I didn't want the people who clean up my dorm to find it. I didn't even want to look. I just wanted to hide it.

how to get away from the struggle.

It was most stupid to light a way, that could be a way for myself, and a sort of abuse and use for every other person.

People that think they listen are often the most droll. Those of the two who do not like to be interrupted, worse when more than the plural conversation, and we all scream in business meetings at once.

, and no damn mention of it, because its not laziness, I just cant move around sound. Especially people sound, I run.

The struggle is in the kitchen.

I can't bear them.

I tried talking again but i shook and ran off around the corner into a broken fire exit. There was a fire coming from somewhere up above the sun, a rushing roar of man dead, battalion of ships built by slaves, thorning down, message one on television. Ten million above earth circling somewhere at the edge of our atmosphere. DAMN! does no one listen to anything? What is wrong with your ears, why can't you hear It like me?

You only have one now.

What you have gone to, where you did it to, what we knew it would do. How can we have all gone away?

I must have fallen through the floor, I woke up, in a cage, and like a lift it flew down walls made of pink and yellow slime, a carnal slime, enter into the unwanted dimension. Get up away, to the tea room, into the kitchen...why are those eyes so light?

Why is a TV, even there?

Where are your voices, where are your eyes. Trapped in traffic of noise, lost in lost bodies in lost thoughts, in no man's lands for your own eyes, look at everyone else's eyes, bring nothing but do what you want.

The noises are too loud. The trees, why are the leaves taking too long to fall off the trees? Trestle bees.

They are too loud, they keep talking to me. I cant, I cant, and I spin because they keep shouting at me. They are talking to me.

Let me make a cuppa tea. No, no, no.

IT, dit, dit...it's.... suppose I tell them? I got up the stairs and sat on them, and I didn't tell them, but its hurting more and more.... a whole night of feeling my forehead bleeding, exactly, my cerebrum at the front of my brain. They hurt me because their voices are too loud.

Time is leaving me, and so is my health.

Time leaves, because I don't want to live. I cant move myself, physically if I do, my mind screams about encounters with sharp, loud noises. Just the ordinary person has a loud voice, and it doesn't listen, I can't tell it what to think. I t has me. I shot myself; I stood hanging in a washing line. They think I am dull and disobeying. I don't want to shout. I run in places they cant find me. I spend all the days alone, to protect my mind.

The blood's gone. But I still hurt.

I was quiet, but I was running, I was running away from something I should have liked and couldn't. I slept by the side of the road, yawning soft then loud, soft and small then wide and then roar. Then sleep. And no more.

The new girl would ignore me all the time, until I stopped ignoring her. I was in a stupor anyway. When the monkey men, weren't scratching at me, or kept doing the scratching, using me as some post in the zoo that was on the sofa, I sulked...then she would jump, and run and hop along the sofas like they were

stepping stones, flashing her eyes as far away from me, but catching them and project done. Then bang, head back to the dorm.

I see the rush of her bones, sparkling white, destroying everything in her path, releasing me at once, from the red glow that was full of curses, cleaning the air around her.

I kept dropping off to sleep in the daytime. I thought the more I stayed, in other humans, the better the stay.

EUGENE AND HELEN:

We got inside a photo booth, to record the days of our war. The photo popped out, and I scanned the look of Helen, a face of the mind, her knowledgeable countenance that was silk in the photo, fuzzy silk, and blue beauty.

She brought, jars of wine and tinkling aluminum wrought spirits to the back of the car, just where we could reach back.

I am bright sure, I'm, I'm both sparks, all mostly eyeliner. I obsessed the cheap they don't...

obsessed with that, all silent eye-contact, then footwear as broken-face is revealed...

Just power men talking now, not come to sing to me.

It's difficult and it's sat for now. I'm left face in me.

I couldn't, be there...

I must have thought wrong, mistaken myself. Still...love

Love.... what is it? Both clasping at each other, in trawls of spare loving strength, the spare lips, the mouth, the fear of taste...love is welcome...we can't find it though, we are there, there we are both, and fling out love, because we don't believe each other. Or. She does...

Why should you?

I guess we both thought the same.

We thought love is nice. But not very nice, so, why say it? We must have lied. I can't believe you turned that colour too. I'm not wanting to kiss. I'm not allowed

to. Because it can't be true, but I guess, it is. You said, what do you think? I must not, I can't kiss. Get out. Off me,

It's easy easy, I'm you.

Magical fights, both.

Just a position of painted things Faces facing others in bright contrast, blue or black. Wide, glow of silvery lines that furl round the shifting shape of the head window in front of my eyes, as we swiftly line the dark roads, never stopping, on for moments of time, that keep rolling, running and crashing forwards as night is, as night was, as night is one place we went for always. WE didn't stop for daytime. The sun swirled round the head windshield, burning clouds spun up and down and round the window. Blind rushes of houses, cascading red stops, and feet stepping in lines, marching arms and black and white times.

We've got the same colours here though, and I'm tired.

No plans, no roll.

Follow the girl, and rock onwards.

THE WHITE SPACE WAS SO OVERWHELMING; I could only just understand where I was.

Get away from love. Two built in, exactly, two sole adventurers, suspecting right of way, in heaven with the two seats curled round like cats, foot to head, head to feet, the demons eat, the sad pointless world of true love, in two little bulls with swans necks and cat faces.

Bitch and bird, and two gates full of pearls, suspecting the invasion, of the falling gate, the spilled pearls, locked in seas of lilies, the pearls crash against the swimmer, they sink the swimmer because they are so heavy, they eat up the swimmer, the pearly girls. The two good boys.

Suspect useless, slow, lazy remembrance, loss of charity in fingers, fingers peeping in trousers, pockets brushing cold coins, sunk in the pocket, cant lift a hand, so no charity became no meeting, the lost homeless fingers in chipped wool fingers, lost so much money the day the fingers got lost, in heaps of money, sunk heavy pocket.

If he could listen, and then hear the brighter one. The one beside. He would turn an ear to the door inside the duvet, he would be glad to touch the other.

I wonder if I can walk into the room now, the one they roll up in, under musky sheets, and silk worn paper puddles, screwed pellet papers, little curls of tobacco lodged in his ear.

And the other one has, clean sheets, big clean eyes, caught in clean water, pearl lips, oyster mouth. Wide beckoning-closed-down.

Eyes cannot beckon photographers; they are shut-in for the rest of the one man in the bed. He can't see this.

She cannot see.

**She giggles when he dies.
She sighs when he screams.**

Can't get the big brittle lug out of the mess.

Wanted to look and then thought, you, don't know.

**He is walking in a film in her sight, that says you are not so bad, but he is not okay.
Love in the bed has gone wrong.**

It fell.

Fell his head, and shoot him down, he steps like a dwarf across the sheets on the floor, head shot at the knees, walking through furry fuzz of dejection and cross-eyed devils in walls. All forlorn, for two parts gone. No room. Gone.

What the fuck?

There is, grooving with two men, outside a planted newsagent, a sole survivor, locked between heavy metal shutdown cages, in a grey stand off street, the standing Pakistani man sticking his head through his door, and frowning at the grooving men and the surrounding girl. She has a spliff in her head, and a merry head, thrown back and howling with demented bouncers in black shiny armour, kicking feet. The dust kicks in the owner's hairy eyes, and he slams the door shut.

I have to go.

I'm stuck along in the passenger seat thinking about two faraway characters, called spill and pull and my song is duller as the song above me, in the hands of the two boys, is soaring and fire made of water, and tiny bells ringing, and sleep.

I yawn, and huggle into my old lady dress. I pretend to sleep and there is a development. The boys are girls and they don't want to sleep. They keep mewling and rolling away from each other. Bite the heat. Find the weak.

Yawning spiritual babies in dereliction. Na, Na, hey hey, the radio play. Sun dropping down among the grey towers behind the grey mobile line of broken shops, turning the sky green. I shift across the seat, and patiently, lift my foot on and off the accelerator. She spins with glazed orange eyes that peer in all the way, and skinny frame walks forwards still staring blindly at the head window. The black men shuffle off. Black, yellow, orange clouds and green sky. Colours rewriting the rules.

**I liked to.
He didn't.**

When he looked too, it was different in his way, he wanted to look away. But I liked to stare. I would scream, and he would nod his head to his chest and wander away, that's because we were not in the same. We had different worlds. Screaming was a sign of death. Mine, was a way to explain and feel.

I never got to explaining how I love him.

He was first too, for thrifty years and forward. So, I screamed in the other girl. I tried all ways to stand in his path. Sometimes I watched inside their faces, blinking their eyes. I couldn't contort all of them. There were all of them, many of them.

I liked to ride out in the fore, that head position of another girl.

I watched him for a long time, painting black eyes to see behind in the walls. He thought he had to kill me, he kept shaking down the walls to shoot at me. He was semi-blind. Not blind about girls, oh, they were all fine.

I could write more letters, but retort is bad. They span out of the room away from him when I left.

I like looking, I know he says.

I leave a charred remain called Him. I just never give up when I'm lurking behind him. I don't see how making him see my true self would help. I'm cagey now that it's been thirty years. I got locked in his car, I turned the key, and he spun round and danced for me, away from me, only me. Then I put my foot down, and left him. The key was still in the ignition. The engine burned. He never let up growling and the whole car he burned.

Hmmm, something else. Inspect the closest. Hide away from eyes, not behind eyes, well away from eyes, and just let up, and look, at times. Not all the time.

=====

Guns, guns, guns. Get the fucking guns. Im out and Im about.
OUTSIDE.

Fuck you.

I will hum and thrum up the bizarre low car, and find the key, and bring Me.

Close now.

In the gunfire of bad mood. In the path of an escaped lunatic.
In mad rush of instinct against walls that never fall down. The walls long and hard and tall, and grey and empty.
The walls should fall down.

They are bad walls.

I knew it wasn't bad to fight the walls, even if the gun was bad.
The use of a private war against that of a gigantic war.

What is my fight?

It is nice to fight?

I will fight.

The invisible iron fist, and the copper muscle in the bronze arm, where the face is lower than the angels, and the face of bronze is under silver, which is under gold. So many walls, a fake insect building all the blind walls, blindly it carries the bricks and gives to friend bug the next brick, and they make a sickly sexual buzzing noise as they work and make walls. Higher than humans, the bugs roll shit, as it is, faeces, and the humans droll, buzz silent and slow, waiting as the bricks tops up the next brick.

A foot could hurt to kick.
The guns in a stolen car.
Thick boots lined with silver knuckles.
I just want to escape, be sure. I'm not WAR.

Piss on boots...

Trying, trying, trying me!!!

Burns from the tail, of my body, up out of a burning chest, through the head, eating up the eyes that are full of flame, then mad weeping rushes of instinct realising the song of death, and how close now. So bells of roaring fire laughter against the End. The End land. The mad hand.

Broom broom...rushing to the city.... motorway I am here...I'm here in an entirely different circumstance...bang bang...boredom about the skies. There are no skies, I am alone. The skies rush colour patterns of them taking turns to jump into the others place, as they shimmer and fade. So, I am bored and restless in a garage next to a garage cafe, where I used to walk...

I picked an old grey car...lifted the bonnet, with my jacket over my nose, whilst coasting a familiar part of the A road, which I had come across as fleeing through two farmers field, to a car park around disused car parts garage, that was closed for midnight...and so I found a long thin piece of metal rod...I checked the battery under the bonnet and, smashing the passenger side window, leapt into the drivers side, and used the metal rod to jimmy at the steering wheel...

The plastic broke off, and I put the metal across the connectors, simply because this will ignite the engine, sometimes you break up what's under the steering wheel, and pull out the boxes full of cables. Red connects to red, stick them tightly together...fizz

them against the brown wire, which is the ignition, lightly touching until engine roars...

Hit rev...Go.

What ways I went to, through the Diagonal lines of the jail, and to get away from the voices of people, home to bed, out of bed, again, because the worry of the people that would see me, lax and worried, and screaming inside, so to sleep.

Please.

=== you re not anything. You're not. I Am. ==

Special gardens, where we need to be. Special bricks, and lines of metal, cut out in tiny circles, and when you peer through, you are peering in, because they make the vision different, it's pixilated light inside a black square, it commands all your vision, and you can't punch it through, or unscrew it. Peer through, trying to look at something out there, the neighbours on the street, shake eyes left to right, and see specks of light in a black window. Shoot and squint all eyes, just one eye through a tiny circle and reach out to the neighbours, for help and for freedom. Give me love.

I lot the window, and went driving.

I was illegal but the radio worked, and I shoot through stars and the rhythm they lent me, was one continuous line, a map made for me, before I even existed, I suppose, stuck in a line that curls sometimes, or just fucking stops, or throws me off by spinning in a circle. Still can't get out ...of them, get out of them.

Beep, beep, I made as much noise as possible, for attention to me, and me.

Bang bang goes the engine.

I got five pounds in a pocket, so I went for the window that feed me cash, they gave me a maximum of 200 pounds and I went off to fight Martians in a field, didn't even go out the supermarket door, I hurled myself over sticky spikes on top of a locked gate. Didn't have to. They just stare like a pack of goats, as I go, but they don't stop me, bite at me, destroy me and all I have, so they are like cows, grazing cigarettes, and off I go, over the fence.

First stop wonderful objects, object trouve my vehicle. In a little yard, all that out of the way map laying, it sank to the bottom, said, the car, I give up, take me off the road, where they keep driving me a pattern.

I got so lonely, waiting so long for you. Then you jacked me in, and smashed at my face, but so, still, off we go, off we go, new found friend, stick to the path, the edge of the curb bumping me and making me ill, gave a little sea upon a long stretch of time, we can take alleyways, or drive off the map, through fields of pony ghosts pecking

and chewing at grass and dropping tea leaves of piss dung sustenance. The bee keepers left the ponies behind, all alone with each other, chewing and chewing, expecting nothing, the field is mud, high mud, two foot taller I am now, on lanes of mud as I revolve the curving wheels, cut gashes in the grass of the owning loud lord of systems, gone and frugal men live in huts of feudal leases, thrown out all the debt collectors, went away to say nothing more, went to work, daily and daily wives so buried up in fat rolls, hemp coats, shoot away the cold wind, hit trespassers blindly with shots in the air. I am in a second of emptiness, so I reach for the handgun, and shoot one lonely echoing bullet in the sky, and the fields are still empty, I fly.

I've got expectations you know. Thrilling field.

Peace for a pistol. She is. Drives now in the night, like a quiet angel, flicking ashy eyes side to side, to check on my sleeping.
We didn't pack food or clothes. We left the little Bermuda triangle of Joes.

Foe joe.

Black foes, lazy men, and dead air shut window spells all against girls.

Dime, dime, dime, de dime.

It's nice to sleep against nice smells of her in perfume, and bread tasting smoke from her cigarettes. And the low cold breezing through the little inches of open window.

I was prim.

She was, a couple of mad laughs kit up splendidly. Spring blackouts and smoothie teens taking over the high streets. Just to shop, to shop.

We hit the A road in the dark, black hedges and far off noises of traffic...I could see nothing.

I rushed through the country lanes, hitting a two lane lonely road; the gun was on my passenger seat. The car was stolen, that's what it was...

As she hummed to the radio, shaking herself like a shimmer suit, a screaming rush came upon our side. A black grey car zoomed onto the lane next, as a scary speed. A black face in the windshield. Helen swerved, and he swerved after us.

I blinked and the runner had disappeared. We kept on...

A face shone like the moon, in the car I swerved into. I bent and brushed my fingers across the gun, then I slowed the car. The moon on it's orbit rushed away swerving into and out of the sun, back to earth and crushed into rock.

Joy.

I do like, him.
I like him a lot.
He doesn't have much, to do...

It's pretty in men. Another man, one man for me, one for you.

Feeding the cats.

I folded my hands on my knees, as skies become the earth, spinning like a kaleidoscope in the windshield, all wrought up in violet and black, a florescent green fox rushing across the orange lights, that were hovering round corners...

Just as I was going to sleep, Helen shook at the wheel. I spied her through my squinting cats eyes. Big, bad, shaking. She wasn't laughing. But, her shaking hand went to me, with a sparkle of white, a rolled cigarette in her hand...then the transformation.

First, her body,

Grey, scaly skin rose up from her feet to her neck, her clothing gone, the head shook loosely, and a mask of grey gristle like knob and thick reptilian skin took over her beautiful face and she was gone. I was so tired I stared and nothing else. The engine shut down as she turned the key with a thick, dirty hand...then, the monster fighting her, sometimes her face was hers then the reptile took over, and opened the car door, and rushed out on thin legs to the field beside us. I struggled across her seat, and ran out to the field.

I saw a monster, with fins round his face, sit on the grass, shaking and weeping.

I sat down beside the monster. I couldn't weep. It looked up at me, threw it's head back, and roared. I puffed on the cigarette, like it was my medicine, calming me and mixing up so much strangeness that I couldn't feel fear, but I could feel, feelings of Helen and the Monster. Most of her had become monster now, as I sat, in the cold night field, no plans, no way to move...just stare.

"When she changed, you see?"

When she did, weirdly, I was brought home, I was the one who had to think, and move, and fight, and do something.

I tried to put my arms around the monster, but it was so big. I passed her the cigarette, as I leant towards her, and stared into it's yellow-green eyes, that had no pupils, so I was scanning from it, and around it...The cigarette fell like a dying leaf. I shifted beside the creature, and sat up on my knees, looking for a chance encounter with something more human. I amused myself by staring round the field, waiting for an appearance from behind the black hedges.

"I am better now." I said.

"This was a wonderful idea...but...lets go back home now."

It turned it's face to me, and the eyes shot into red fire, I shakily stood, feeling pins and needles in my legs and feet, I hobbled there, waiting for the pain to go, until I could run.

And I did run.

I ran away from her...and got into the car.

I clicked the key round, and stepped on and off the accelerator. Waited.

===

I put the radio on as loud as it could go. It was a late night prog rock show...the beat of the drum, the same drum, and the same rhythm, began to annoy me slightly...the voice in the interval was calming. I looked round the car for all our accessories. Helen had money, I didn't have money, but where had she gone? Her clothes had gone.

The night had gone; it was one long wait, without any realizations of just what is to be done. WE were dumb faced, like the herd.

The rain began.

I sat in the dark in the rain, smoking and dreaming, the smoke turned silver and sparkly...and I listened, I listened to everything I had missed, everything concerning me...blues and gold's, and yellows and greens, and purples...

1971

The next day, I remained in the car, as for ever.

I counted different types of rain:

I remained in the days of rain, and thought, there must be a murder...

Each day brings me a different type of rain. This is bold smog rain, today, and the next day; there is the rain that comes in the half-dark shadows that become evening, the smooth rain, it splashes thickly into potholes and alley sinks, some rain makes

even deeper places. There is the sunny rain that has a yellow shine, and flits one drop after another, line drops. Strings of raindrops in the green backcloth that is this stuff I can't describe, I mean, the trees, the green stuff are trees, and the grey stuff are buildings, and all the colours, are smaller, yes, all the colours make rain-glows look like lines. Or the marks in gravel or stone or tarmac that I stare into have images, inside them, blurs, squares, lines. I say; I see lines of orange and lines of green.

The lines are making;

The lines are just special colour and they mix; like, paint squirted and mixed in marble-water, which is mixed in trays; makes colour.

I rolled up all I had left, and waited through rainy days, in the same place in the country road, hoping she would come home, absolute and unaware of how to get her back, and eventually I fell into a fuzzy sleep at the wheel.

A STRENGTH IN THE LINE.

COMPLETE, FLOATING MASS OF SPACE, lifting up, lifting down, as the pinball of event//thought in time, rushes round the globing mass of negative space. The emptiness. A spaceship can suck up light, in front below and behind, riding on the surf wave of what it catches, and moving the blob of life round, a ship on the seas that can control the waves themselves...calmly floating on a space that never changes, but just ebbs under the ship and ebbs onwards. The spaceship is my own self, how I time travel, in self. Somehow I can go faster than light, because `I am in the light, which isn't like waves but has gathered itself up, in a substance like moving glue, so my ship goes up, goes down, but stuck on the time. Moving Time, itself, this ship does so.

I never die,

Alcubierre drive.

I went into the fields, after a lost amount of days in waiting. I scanned the entire view, as the blue frosty dawn swam through my eyes, refreshing everything, but such a cold refreshment, in was like being lost in a twilight world of death, dawn the first death, though it is the dawn, it is the first time to die says the weather, it's not waiting for evening, and the black time, but we are dying first, in the first crack up of the time's huge time-egg, wandering in day, then heralding a cold day in this place where soul seems to have disappeared...

If she had retransformed in Helen, all would be okay.
If there was a monster ranging across this land, all is lost.

I get mud shoes, mud stilts, from marching through, picking it up on my boots, layer after layer, my feet are heavy and I'm two feet taller. A cloud. And a bird that told me to go. I'm just on the edge of town. No trouble here.

I have a strange prophetic feeling I am about to drop over the edge in something. No more sleep! Ever! Go down all the way, or release, and still grief on my face. Is that mother coming down the stairs? I'm trying so hard to find him to speak, it's hard to remember what I wanted to say, but that's disappeared on the fleeting wavelength again, or an atom, or the bomb? Everyone keeps bombing each other these days. Maybe my feeling is becoming a contagious disease. Isn't that sad?

I hear something!!! That dammed mother, making my face freeze with sweat and a stilted heart.

There's no point in going back, I would have to kill a thousand souls in vengeance, I can't blame anyone, we are all too different. Hypocrites are poisoning my heart! Society is creeping with hypocrisy¹

The 'strange' individuals. If desire for freedom is a crime, it is the only one I will allow them to lock me up for. Because, I insist again and again, I am guilty! Are they strange or as children? Want only the wilderness and the light. But, heavy footsteps on the stairs.

I think the children have all but disappeared. You torture the child inside you, you have forgotten them. My unexplainable strangeness is caused by weakness, you maybe, you and the public and your weak society. They have that post to lean on, I always fall down. It is one of my tricks, a slapstick man!

Just in fool, just in fool.

Call a friend, any friend, just call them friend. Human company of the right sort will cure me for a time. Then, action. That is terrifying to me, it will involve, Disagreeables and cruel, unlikeable Insensitives. They always cut me down at the first hint of a leap.

Anything I really want and need will take so long So much hard work.

I will stop moving, I will try to stop breathing. My thinking part will separate from my head and my eyes will stare. At the wall, or some object. My eye will waste precious time looking too long at that wall, closing down all functions in my mind. Hour after hour will pass at that wall. And I will carry on life like that, switching off and then back again, just for a short time.

I wouldn't want to drop my curse on anyone else!

NO one ever took my hand.

I think I might drown you. But, what, are you?

Try being something, through not being anything. Knowing that I could never know everything.

Still trying to find what I didn't know and was sure, existed.

The skeleton is the last part of the body to deteriorate.

I got back, back in the car.

"They've got me..." Helen said, in the air, "they've got me."

I was close to the end, and so are you.

It's not a happy life.

I lost the identification of myself, and wanted to go back and burn the photo, under the jigsaw puzzle, and then sleep. I slept each night in my car, at the edge of a little gate, inside a field. I hadn't wasted a penny in my bank.

It would be the end of me soon.

I drove on. I got so far to the end, of the whole country, but then I spun the car north, so I had further to go.

Someone on a motorcycle wanted me on call. Bodies' dysfunctional bodies, speeches like kettles in the black, pot calling the kettle black, inside the black pot, burning and rusting in boiling water. They, don't, quite, know how to talk, or perhaps think. I pretend to listen, I can hear it all anyway, because there isn't so much to listen to at all. Logged in. Unwilling, unsure, slightly underwhelmed. It the IT, seems to have just gone.

There are more adventures yet.

I gave myself up, after hiding the car. For some reason, my rucksack was never ever checked. I held my hand-gun in it. Luckily, there were no visits to me.

Can you sleep little low?

I want a bus adventure, yes, that is what I want. Never all the protocol, like where they situate me in offices but never make me a tea. I'll dry out, all alone. Don't like the biscuits, that stare, stare at the table, because they are not there.

Underfed.

=====

I find dead, rotting monkey men, littered in places about the floor of the hospital, even, one on the bed of an old man in the dorm. I find yellow sunshine lighting up the rooms, and dispelling the insignia of armies or brands, or corporations, that bring this devil back, the one, above the world, in the ceiling, in the eaves, and the rotten beams, all plasticized as broken time, is gone, from the nice things, but now the safe things. Safe in mechanics like washing machines, and heaters.

I play with my gun, and fix it underneath the pillow.

I play out there's no more Thursdays, but then the food was a complaint so they drive me to supermarkets. I want a bus. So, I create all the instances of time in my mind, to occupy my mind;

The second circle carries this segment from the first circle, as it touches and passes it onwards, in the meantime the first circle is getting closer to the centre, we have to slow down to see. For a while the first touches the core/centre of the second circle, which could be a proposition in time, an 'event' there are always two circles touching the centre of one. The absolute core a pinprick of the Circle.

Now...the firsts segment opens wide, it is in both the next 's centre and its own centre, and the circle behind its centre, BUT none of them yet touch the middle of the MAGIC CIRCLE with its spinning arms of life...

As the circle begins to enter it's own past, then, it touches the magical inner one. It has gone past the movement of the previous circle, and the movement of the next. It is inside the centre the arms become as one arm if they are so fast, so they cover a half or rather an almost half of a circle. They carry the event, out of time, into the future all the way, as the previous circle is the first circles past, and the next its future. The arms are not quite touching upon their centre...

Time goes so slowly round the outermost edges...IN side the inner circle is the speed of light/time.

If the brackets are correct, I mean if, think of a steel ironwork of circles, with all the segments detached, and the steel frame holding the light inside the moving circles, then are places of interaction in each segment, think of the arms as being just four arms slot in the frame...

SO...1234

THIS GIVES US.

- 1.first phase of the past,
- 2.past/entering present.
- 3.present to future
4. past to future
4. first phase of future
5. Future to past

Waving at the people passing me by. Face stuck to the window of the bus. I think I will go to the end of the line.

I think I will drink. No, I must go back home, I change at a bus-stop and head home. My flat. I've got to deal with it now. I have to.
I have to call the last battle. Bring on the cat girl, ready for battle, toughest maddest shrieking skin in the whole world. Gun in bag.

She can push the army back, with screams. The pot-men, calling the kettle black.

I am back, I swagger. There's a beef party of sagging men, and meat is murder.

I can take each down, and then disappear like nothing has gone on.

I will drive the Ambulance that takes us, I will overcome, and I will beat the burden of men. The party will hail down when I say so. Ho, ho, ho, how dare they. Life blood of Satan, the invisible army, I am invisible now. No more hail, now more dealing expenses at the weaker ones detriment. NO more bullies. NO more material murder, kills for money. NO money but for the victim. No breeding, no more breaking them down to the skin. Taking them in, to Hell, the army. They took me in. They bring down; they suckle upon the whore, and then destroy this world. No girls.

They needle in like weasels, beer can, am man, make the man, it's the beer can. So, I ran.

Second idea; get something for myself, first.

What kind of stuff, would I want? Not your stuff.

Of course, I was teasing the cat girl. She had gone too far. She had slipped so far into insanity; I think I wanted to end. Now, I think, it was because she held the most reason out of all the friends.

The others, the red dove lady, they were all sure, but they were too together. We had to hold out. I didn't want to. I wanted harm, and so, I harmed her.

That is, if she was still a her.

She was animal. Down to the animal, the end, down to the end of all.

She certainly lived here. Close to here, safe enough away.
Bring them down with her shattering scream.
I wanted to shatter.

The meat men were gathered under my door. They rang out gallant hellos. I had to see if I could get in, I kick out the lock in the door, why had they bought a new door, after the police. The police were after me, so don't stop long. All my cash that had billowed up into the air, like a snow cloud, and fell to scattered onto the floor, covered the mattress. I must have been taken by them. Crooks.

I made a tea, calm for the arrival of more.

I looked out at the back yard, to see the situation. No-one. The drunkards, hollered up the stairs. I placed the hand-gun on the bedroom windowsill, pointed at the window, and click set, to shoot. Perhaps it would get annoyed by someone too loud, and go off.

I went back down.

I hated them and I wanted to know why.

Short stop.

They hadn't dealt me a black hand, and the cat-girl was horrendously silent. Just as well. Drugs are an easy game. I'm not a drug. I'm love. The girl that wanted more Love, couldn't bring herself to stop, she filled me and filled me, so much, I fell out into a wider expanse of a feeling called nothing. Up and down, it isn't, it's shock, and then dazed, grey upset, turn of the stomach, anger at bothersome mediocrity in chatty, or non-chatty, the stuff you want to have destroyed.

If I was Circular mad, I would look at this as an experiment, conducted by others looking for me, and most often forgetting me, as though it was too much for them, or more likely, I had been negated, I was just pill after pill, and it held no more of me.

If I looked bad, I was most surely good.

It's Time to stop time now.

The occupation of the aliens never happened. I had driven my eyes into the centre of their engine control, after speeding fireballs through their ship, I took the steering wheel, and turning the wheel to the sun, I pressed down on the accelerator. The Mother-ship burned, and was followed on the trajectory path by the hundreds of other ships.

The town settled after an explanation.

I think even the cat girl got some sleep.

Helen moaned in her bed, and then relaxed and went purring like a happy cat into sleep. Eugene visited her often, in the ward, as did many others.

I got the local paper sent to me this Friday. There was a report of a death in a mental ward of the hospital. A young man took an overdose of aspirin. He was found dead in bed, and had also consumed quite an amount of ecstasy. I wish I knew why that was.

THE END